

The American Mercury

MARCH 1949

35 CENTS

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S
REPORT ON RUSSIA IN THE UN

by NEAL STANFORD, page 281



THE ONLY WAY TO REARM EUROPE *Major Alexander P. de Seversky*

HAROLD STASSEN MEETS THE PRESS

★ ★ ★

THE MAGAZINES WOMEN READ

Ann Griffith

CASE STUDY OF GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

Sam Shulsky

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

Francis & Katharine Drake

LO, THE POOR CRITIC

George Jean Nathan

D. W. GRIFFITH AND THE MOVIES

Seymour Stern

THE PHANTOM OF FEAR

Alan Devoe



The Open Forum

A magazine can generally be judged by the quality of the contributors to its correspondence columns. Among the men and women who write for "The Open Forum" columns in THE MERCURY are college presidents, members of the President's Cabinet, foreign ambassadors, generals of the United States Army, clergymen, Governors of States, distinguished authors, union leaders, Nobel Prize winners, newspaper editors, school teachers and corporation executives.*

They write in praise and in disagreement, or they write to enlighten the readers of THE MERCURY on some aspects of a subject they know well. They have discussed in "The Open Forum" some of the most vital issues of our day—the rôle of air power in war and peace, the worth of culture in an atomic world, the plight of homeless Americans, the menace of totalitarianism in all its forms—and also matters of more immediate concern, such as interracial marriage, juvenile gangs, black magic, sleep and sleeping pills, discrimination in colleges, and the heroism (as well as dumbness) of dogs.

That is why "The Open Forum" is so popular. It makes stimulating reading to the opinion molders who form the audience of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

* For example, recent letters were from Sir Norman Angell, former Governor Joseph Melville Broughton of North Carolina, Upton Sinclair, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the late Secretary of Labor L. B. Schwellenbach, Lieut.-General J. Lawton Collins, President Bryn J. Hovde of the New School for Social Research, Chancellor Harry Woodburn Chase of New York University, former Ambassador V. S. Hurban of Czechoslovakia, the late Gertrude Atherton, Herbert Bayard Swope, and Walter W. Cenerazzo, national president of the American Watch Workers Union.

MEET THE MEN

Who Make the Headlines

*Listen to Meet the Press
America's Press Confer-
ence of the Air*

*The most revealing
half hour in radio*

*Radio Broadcast
Over Mutual each Friday
night 10 p.m., E.S.T.*

*Television Broadcast
Each Sunday night over
NBC Eastern Television
Network
at 8:30 E.S.T.*

*Meet the Press is presented in co-
operation with the editors of The
American Mercury.*

THOSE INTERVIEWED: *Sen-
ator* GEORGE D. AIKEN ★ *Secre-
tary* CLINTON P. ANDERSON ★ *Governor* ELLIS ARNALL ★ *Senator*
JOSEPH BALL ★ ELIZABETH BENT-
LEY ★ HENRY WALLACE ★ *Sen-
ator* THEODORE BILBO ★ SPRUILLE
BRADEN ★ *Secretary* CHARLES
BRANNAN ★ *Senator* OWEN BREW-
STER ★ *Senator* JOHN BRICKER ★
HARRY BRIDGES ★ *Senator* STYLES
BRIDGES ★ EARL BROWDER ★ *Sen-
ator* KENNETH WHERRY ★ HER-
BERT BROWNELL, JR. ★ *Senator*
HOMER CAPEHART ★ WHITTAKER
CHAMBERS ★ RANDOLPH CHURCH-
ILL ★ *Attorney-General* TOM CLARK
★ A. F. WHITNEY ★ BARTLEY
CRUM ★ JOSEPH CURRAN ★ WIL-
LIAM H. DAVIS ★ *Governor* THOMAS
E. DEWEY ★ JOHN FOSTER DULLES
★ CLIFFORD DURR ★ *Governor*
GEORGE H. EARLE ★ *Senator* JAMES
O. EASTLAND ★ GERHARD EISLER
★ *Former Solicitor General* HENRY
EPSTEIN ★ *Federal Security Ad-
ministrator* OSCAR EWING ★ JAMES

A. FARLEY ★ *Senator* HOMER FERGUSON ★ *Representative* BERTRAND W. GEARHART
★ Colonel PAUL H. GRIFFITH ★ *Congressman* CHARLES HALLECK ★ ROBERT HANNE-
GAN ★ *Congressman* FRED A. HARTLEY ★ *Senator* CARL A. HATCH ★ LEON HENDER-
SON ★ *Congressman* CHRISTIAN HERTER ★ *Senator* BOURKE B. HICKENLOOPER ★
★ PAUL HOFFMAN ★ *Senator* HUBERT H. HUMPHREY ★ *the Dean of Canterbury* ★
ERIC JOHNSTON ★ HENRY KAISER ★ *Ambassador* KASANOVIC ★ VIVIAN KELLEMS ★
NORMAN THOMAS ★ *Senator* WILLIAM KNOWLAND ★ *Congressman* HAROLD KNUT-
SON ★ *Secretary* J. H. KRUG ★ *Senator* ROBERT LAFOLLETTE, JR. ★ *Governor* EARLE
WARREN ★ JOHN L. LEWIS ★ *Senator* HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR. ★ *Senator* GEORGE
MALONE ★ *Congressman* VITO MARCANTONIO ★ *Senator* JOSEPH MCCARTHY ★
Senator JOHN L. MCCLELLAN ★ *Congressman* JOHN MCCORMACK ★ *Senator* J. HOW-
ARD MCGRATH ★ *General* JOSEPH MCNARNEY ★ *Senator* JAMES MEAD ★ *Senator*
EUGENE MILLIKIN ★ *Senator* WAYNE MORSE ★ IRA MOSHER ★ *Representative* KARL
E. MUNDT ★ PHILIP MURRAY ★ *Senator* FRANCIS J. MYERS ★ *Senator* W. LEE
O'DANIEL ★ *Senator* JOSEPH O'MAHONEY ★ JAMES F. O'NEIL ★ DR. J. R. OPPEN-
HEIMER ★ *Congressman* WRIGHT PATMAN ★ *Former Secretary of War* ROBERT P.
PATTERSON ★ EDWIN W. PAULEY ★ *Senator* CLAUDE PEPPER ★ PAUL PORTER ★
Congressman CARROLL REECE ★ WALTER REUTHER ★ O. JOHN ROGGE ★ ELLIOTT
ROOSEVELT ★ JAMES ROOSEVELT ★ *Secretary* KENNETH ROYALL ★ *Senator* RICHARD
F. RUSSELL ★ DR. HARLOW SHAPLEY ★ *Congressman* ROGER SLAUGHTER ★ *Senator*
MARGARET CHASE SMITH ★ *Secretary of the Treasury* JOHN W. SNYDER ★ *Senator*
JOHN SPARKMAN ★ *Governor* HAROLD E. STASSEN ★ EDMUND STEVENS ★ GAEL
SULLIVAN ★ *Congressman* JOHN TABER ★ MARTHA TAFT ★ *Senator* ROBERT A. TAFT
★ *Governor* EUGENE TALMADGE ★ *Governor* HERMAN TALMADGE ★ *Senator* GLEN H.
TAYLOR ★ NORMAN THOMAS ★ *Governor* J. STROM THURMOND ★ *Secretary of Labor*
MAURICE TOBIN

The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXVIII

MARCH 1949

NUMBER 303

The Only Way to Rearm Europe	Major Alexander P. de Seversky	263
What Is Searched, <i>A Poem</i>	Joseph Joel Keith	272
The Magazines Women Read	Ann Griffith	273
The State Department's Report on Russia in the UN	Neal Stanford	281
Cool Bell, <i>A Poem</i>	Robert P. Tristram Coffin	290
THE THEATRE: Lo, the Poor Critic	George Jean Nathan	291
Harold Stassen Meets the Press		296
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 45	Louis Jay Herman	301
Case Study of Government in Business	Sam Shulsky	302
D. W. Griffith and the Movies	Seymour Stern	308
The Spirit of Berlin	Freda Utley	322
The Color of the World, <i>A Story</i>	Evan S. Connell, Jr.	332
Now Only, <i>A Poem</i>	Kaye Starbird	336
THE SOAP BOX		337
How to Live Longer	Francis & Katharine Drake	340
MUSIC: The Return of the Harpsichord	Howard L. Goodkind	345
Singularity, <i>A Poem</i>	David Morton	350
The State of Oregon	Stewart H. Holbrook	351
DOWN TO EARTH: The Phantom of Fear	Alan Devoe	357
Lola Montez, the Countess Lizzie	Sibyl Walker	361
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 46	Morris Rosenblum	366
THE LIBRARY: Hawthorne and American Fiction	Irving Howe	367
THE CHECK LIST		260
THE OPEN FORUM		378
COVER (<i>Stalin</i>) by Al Hirschfeld		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by Bertrand Zadig		

Copyright 1949 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publishers in the U. S., Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor & Publisher* Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Daniel Seligman, *Assistant Editor*; Martha Rountree, *Review Editor*
George Salter, *Art Director*; Joseph W. Ferman, *General Manager*

The American Mercury for April

will contain, among other things

MEN ARE HOUSEWIVES' SLAVES, by Waverley Root. *Few articles in the history of THE AMERICAN MERCURY have created so much discussion as Mrs. Edith M. Stern's "Women Are Household Slaves" in the January issue. Here Mr. Root takes precisely the contrary point of view, namely, that the men have the worse end of the stick in the domestic set-up — and he draws from his own experience as a man, husband and father, to bolster his case. A most stimulating controversial article.*

THE INSIDE STORY OF HUEY LONG, by Hodding Carter. *The eminent Mississippi newspaper editor here gives some hitherto untold facts about the fantastic career of the fantastic Kingfish of Louisiana whose life was terminated by an assassin's bullet.*

THE STATE OF DELAWARE, by William Hines. *A brilliant profile of one of the smallest and least known of the states of the Federal Union — with information that will be new even to many residents of the state.*

THE COST OF BORROWING, by Sam Shulsky. *A highly informative analysis of the best and least expensive ways of borrowing money, full of helpful detail, by one of the best financial writers in the country.*

There will also be WILLIAM Z. FOSTER, by Benjamin Gitlow, which had to be omitted from this issue for reasons of space, and also, of course, many other articles and the regular departments: The Theatre, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and the Check List.

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union. \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' notice required for change of addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Psychological Abstracts, and the Index to Labor Articles.

The American Mercury 570 Lexington Avenue New York 22, N. Y.

Enter my subscription to The Mercury. I enclose ☐ \$4 for one year, ☐ \$7 for two years

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

AM 3-49

259

AN AWARD PUBLICATION
FOR A LONG POEM OF
WORLD SIGNIFICANCE

LOST EDITION

By LILLIAN EVERTS

Issued by The Lantern—in brochure form. A limited edition which, in the opinion of The Lantern Judges, will eventually become a collectors' item.

*From Professor Robert Hill-
yer: "Your poem, Lost Edition,
has a direct, folk quality; a
combination of allegory and
ruggedness, which makes it as
powerful as a nightmare. It has
real terror in it, the kind that
ought to do some good."*

*From Louis Untermeyer: "Lost
Edition is highly imaginative
and vivid. Its figures are quick
and kaleidoscopic. More than
that, it moves with a vivacity
speeded up by the staccato
rhymes and helped, rather than
hindered by the repetitions.
It carries its message—man's
ingenuity in self-destruction
—without prodding or
preaching."*

Autographed Brochures are being
sold at one dollar; and in accord-
ance with an arrangement made by
Lillian Everts with The American
Red Cross Service for the Blind,
total proceeds from sale of 500
Prize Copies will go to them.

• • •

*Brochures can be obtained di-
rectly from Lillian Everts at
187 Hicks Street, Brooklyn 2,
New York*

THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

TRIAL AND ERROR, *The Autobiography of Chaim Weizmann*. \$5.00. Harper. Dr. Weizmann was born in 1874 in a little village in White Russia, one of a family of fifteen children, twelve of whom survived into maturity. He was an excellent student and at an early age was attracted to the study of chemistry, which he pursued in various European universities, particularly in Germany. He quickly attained eminence in his profession, but running parallel to his interest in science was his interest in Zionism, of which he was one of the founders; indeed, next to Dr. Herzl and Dr. Ahad-Ha'am he did more to spread Zionism than anybody else. He is now the great spiritual symbol of the new state of Israel, of which he is the first President. He relates his life story with vast simplicity and great tenderness. Nearly all the great of the modern diplomatic and scientific world pass through his fascinating pages, and he draws sharp portraits of them all. He is generous with praise, but, when necessary, as in the case even of the revered Dr. Herzl, he criticizes, though always with kindness, never with juvenile malice. His book will doubtless be read by untold generations of Jews, for his story is the story of the rebirth of Israel, one of the most romantic and dramatic events of contemporary history. But others will also find very much in the volume to attract them. Dr. Weizmann's great contributions to chemistry, and in particular his chemical contributions to the democratic cause in both World War I and World War II, are presented in detail, and there are many insights into world diplomatic history. Surely, the first fourth of the book, dealing with Dr. Weizmann's early days in Russia and Germany, are among the most beautifully written memoirs of youth in the English language. With this book Dr. Weizmann reveals that he is not only a great scientist and a statesman of the first magnitude, but also a writer of very considerable talents.

LENIN, *A Biography*, by David Shub. \$5.00. *Doubleday*. This volume was obviously based on a careful study of Russian documents, many of which seem never to have been published in this country previously, and on intimate talks with some of Lenin's older confrères. It is a masterly job. Mr. Shub makes it plain that, for all his personal warmth and honesty, Lenin was the real builder of the Soviet State as it exists today, and that however much he disapproved of Stalin's "rudeness" and lack of principle Stalin has to be accounted his creature. There is, however, very little editorializing in the book; the facts are allowed to speak for themselves, and they have a way of doing so with remarkable effectiveness. At one point Mr. Shub quotes Lenin as remarking, shortly after the Bolsheviks took power, "It isn't a question of Russia at all, gentlemen. I spit on Russia. . . . This is merely one phase through which we must pass on the way to a world revolution."

MENDELEYEV, by Daniel Q. Posin. \$4.50. *Whittlesey House*. In this biography, the first one of Mendeleyev which has appeared in English, Daniel Q. Posin, himself a scientist of some note, has achieved a remarkable degree of success. Combining facts which he has unearthed from various sources with the fictional products of a very fertile imagination, Dr. Posin has presented an extremely human picture of the discoverer of the periodic table of the elements. Mendeleyev emerges from this book as a great human being, sensitive to the struggles and the needs of the Russian people among whom he lived and worked.

RUDOLPH, THE TRAGEDY OF MAYERLING, by Count Carl Lonyay. \$5.00. *Scribners*. A number of great stories, most of them relating to some supreme sacrifice for love, have grown up concerning the suicide of the Austrian crown prince; and none of these stories, it now appears, has much basis in reality. Count Lonyay portrays Rudolph, not as the handsome, amorous figure the world has believed in, but as a weak, degenerate, and thoroughly unattractive man
(Continued on page 375)



National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, 11 So. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.

HAIR GETTING THIN?



Send for this FREE booklet

In the pages of this booklet, you will find practical and authentic discussion on how to get the best possible results NOW in cultivating scalp health, hair vigor, and hair attractiveness. Tells you WHY, WHAT and HOW of scientific home-care for the hair. "What You Can Do About Saving Your Hair" is compiled from authoritative dermatological sources with the same care as other Ephraim literature, which has been quoted, reprinted or commended in reviews of official publications of the American Medical Ass'n., U. S. Dept. of Interior (Office of Education), American Nursing Ass'n., and other groups. Mail coupon for booklet, free.

EPHRAIM & COMPANY Manufacturing Chemists
15 New York Avenue, Dept. AM-1
Newark 5, New Jersey Established 1928

Please send me, without cost, the 32-page booklet "What YOU can do about SAVING YOUR HAIR".

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____ (PRINT OR TYPE NAME)
Miss _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

More Oil...

You wanted it...

You got it...

You'll get still more!

LAST YEAR this country used a lot more oil than ever before. Oil and progress go together.

To help get you more oil, this company and its affiliates last year did the biggest job in their history. Plants and equipment had to be modernized and expanded in a hurry . . . new wells, refineries, tankers, pipelines—all the things it takes to get you more oil.

This big job could not have been done unless a sound business existed. It took organization. It took money—lots of it—about 100 million dollars more, in fact, than the entire year's earnings. It used up funds set aside for replacing worn-out equipment. It dipped heavily into savings. It took borrowed money, and money

raised by selling assets.

Money made on the job went back into the job.

In 1949, and in the years to come, you'll want still more oil. And you'll get it. At home and abroad, money is being spent today to provide for tomorrow's needs.

FOR STILL MORE OIL, WE'RE...

- Pushing new exploration . . .
- Constructing refineries . . .
- Drilling deeper . . .
- Adding storage and transport facilities . . .
- Building tankers and pipelines . . .
- Expanding research facilities . . .

The better you live, the more oil you use...

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)

The American Mercury

THE ONLY WAY TO REARM EUROPE

BY

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

WITH this article Major de Seversky returns to his old battleground, and begins another fight for the most intelligent and effective use of air power in global warfare. Surely no one is more competent to make such an analysis. He alone, for a long time against the most vehement protests and objections of men high in the Army and Navy, saw the importance of the plane as an offensive, strategical, and tactical weapon. Before the war was over virtually every one of his ideas had been adopted by our armed forces, and the very men who had denounced him had only the highest praise for him. In awarding him the Medal of Merit President Truman again referred to his "courageous labors in arousing our democratic public opinion in support of modern and adequate Air Force." THE AMERICAN MERCURY was very proud in discovering Major de

Seversky and in being the first magazine to open its pages to his articles, which eventually became the truly historic book, *Victory Through Air Power*. Now, at a time when our country is again in crisis and when the matter of defense is inexorably tied in with our foreign policy, the MERCURY considers it a privilege to open its pages to him again. What he now has to say is perhaps even more important than what he said in the momentous years 1939-45. It merits the attention of every American solicitous for the welfare of his country. — THE EDITORS

IN THE interests of world peace and its own security, America should help restore the military potential of Western Europe. On this long-term objective there seem to me no reasonable grounds for disagreement.

The hope of an economically healthy and morally self-reliant Europe is precluded as long as the nations beyond the Iron Curtain live under the continuous menace of Soviet conquest. Peace will remain tentative at best until a military balance of power is established on that continent and its democratic nations cease to be military wards of the United States. The ultimate creation of such a balance is possible. Given economic rehabilitation and social stability, Western Europe could muster the resources for self-defense.

But nothing is gained by ignoring the fact that Soviet Russia, today and in the next few years, holds physical dominance over Europe. If the Red Army, spearheaded by its teeming tactical aviation, were set rolling westward, there is no force in existence to stop its progress to the Atlantic. Talk of containing the Soviet colossus on the Elbe or the Rhine, even if the proposed 45 divisions were available, is unrealistic. Stalin cannot be blocked where Hitler crashed through.

Nor could an American decision to rearm Europe possibly alter this melancholy fact, no matter how lavishly it might be backed by our Treasury. The time element cannot be cancelled out. The process would be slow — five to ten years on the most optimistic reckoning. In this interval the Soviets would retain their dominance over that land mass, checked only by *effective power outside the continent*.

The creation of a force in Europe capable of meeting a Red land offensive would require not only the training and equipment of several hundred divisions, the construction of a great supporting tactical air armada, but the restoration of the industrial strength on which an effective military machine must rest. It would require — and this may prove to be the slowest part of the job — the moral reconditioning of the European people for combat and resistance.

While this gigantic task is under way, what would the masters of the Kremlin be doing? Those who discuss the revival of West European military vitality shy away from the distressing question. Their calculations assume that Soviet Russia will watch passively while a balance of military power is being built. The assumption seems to me fatuous.

We must face up to the truth that Moscow has, and will continue to have, the physical capacity to interrupt and to smash West European rearmament at any stage before its completion. Whether under the spur of aggressive ambitions or compulsive fears, the USSR is likely to strike before the rearmament program jells. The temptation to do so will increase as mountains of equipment, new air bases, revived industries are piled up in Western Europe, providing ever more enticing booty for a conqueror.

The logical moment of attack, indeed, can be estimated. It would be the stage at which preparations will be large enough to be worth capturing

but not yet strong enough or sufficiently integrated to offer decisive resistance.

We are seeing the lengths to which the Kremlin and its fifth columns go in their determination to stymie the Marshall Plan. Obviously military recovery, constituting an even more direct challenge to the Soviet position, will call forth correspondingly sharper interference. Should they delay attack beyond a certain point, the moral rehabilitation of Western Europe, its greater economic and political stability, will become more formidable obstacles to a Soviet offensive. The healthier the democratic segment becomes, the harder Soviet Russia will find it to digest its conquest after taking military possession. Intervention long before Western Europe becomes a self-sustaining entity — unless it is prevented by a counterforce elsewhere — must therefore be accepted as a near-certainty.

This does not mean that an early start in the military revival is not desirable or feasible. It does mean that the effort would be futile unless it were insured by adequate American strength — and strength of the right kind.

II

It is generally assumed that the Kremlin has been restrained thus far (political considerations aside) by fear of touching off a war to the finish with the United States of America. Probably Soviet Russia is not yet fully prepared for such a showdown.

However that may be, certainly the only factor that can be counted upon to restrain Moscow in the future is the prospect of deadly American retaliation. Atom-bearing American air power is the sword of Damocles hanging over its head. Any policy which hampers the forging of that sword or tends to blunt its striking edges would be disastrous.

The indispensable condition for West European rearmament is the existence of a force capable of shielding the undertaking.

It must be a force that acts as a deterrent upon Russia. Under present-day conditions, huge armies and navies can hardly deter a nation whose great might is on the surface. Only American strategic air power "in being," *i.e.*, in existence and ready to go into immediate action, offers the assurance that the hoped-for rebirth of European capacity for self-defense will not be nipped in the bud. It is the sole force that may discourage a would-be aggressor from attacking or, in the worst case, compel him to loosen his grip on the continent.

But this retaliatory force must not be based on Europe and its environs, where it would serve as an additional invitation to Soviet attack and, more important, would have to share the fate of Europe if the Red offensive were successful.

Strategic air power, whether it delivers atom bombs or any other kind of destruction, is no stronger than its bases. Once those bases are

eliminated, the aviation becomes inoperative. If obliged, by reason of inadequate range, to strike from Western Europe, this air power will be as vulnerable to attack and neutralization as any other military objective on that land mass. It will be subject to defeat by land power through the seizure or demolition of its bases.

The only base near Europe that will be tenable is the British Isles, not merely because they are separated from the continent by water but because they have the industrial capacity and manpower to generate air power equal in quality and quantity to that of an enemy. This base will be a powerful ally of our air strength, certainly in the initial contest for air supremacy.

Any other base near Europe, within the orbit of Russia's striking air force, cannot be defended. In order to survive, such bases must be endowed with aerial defenses capable of thwarting attack by the total aerial potential of the enemy. They would have to possess, that is to say, defensive air power on the scale and with the same self-sustaining ability as the British Isles or the United States, which of course is economically impossible. What is true of such fixed overseas bases is true a hundredfold of the floating bases called aircraft carriers; their defensive capacity obviously must be infinitely smaller than what can be deployed on land; besides, they can be sunk with one blow.

Let me at this point make clear the

distinction between strategic and tactical aviation. They are animals of entirely different species. The tell-tale difference is not in size, though the strategic aircraft are normally larger, but in the functions for which they are designed and equipped.

Tactical aircraft are designed to operate with and support surface forces, helping them to achieve their objectives. They are auxiliary to the surface strength — in effect, artillery of much longer range to clear a path for surface advances and to cooperate in winning surface battles.

Strategic air force, by contrast, is designed primarily for destruction of the industrial complex of the enemy nation and the rest of his means of waging war. Its rôle is to strangle the opposing military effort in the enemy homeland; if successful it makes surface conflict unnecessary and impossible.

It is thus apparent that big strategic bombers are not a proper weapon against armies supported by tactical aviation. Used for that purpose, they are simply reduced to tactical airplanes and, since they are not built or geared for such operations, are uneconomical and inefficient to boot. Great armies, well equipped and backed by vast reserves of matériel, cannot be defeated by strategic aviation through direct assault. Strategic air action has to be directed against the source and center of enemy war-making power — but that will not affect the armies in the field until they exhaust their reserve weapon.

ons and supplies. In Europe this interval would be more than sufficient to allow the Red Army to occupy the whole continent.

The fact that the strategic aircraft carry atomic destruction does not change the picture, for the atomic bomb also is not a proper weapon against advancing ground troops. After inspecting Hiroshima and Nagasaki and later witnessing the atom tests at Bikini, I was convinced that the tactical use of atomic bombs against soldiers and tanks is a highly unprofitable undertaking. This view was later corroborated by General McAuliffe, the hero of the Bulge, who was Deputy Commander of the Joint Task Force at Bikini. "The atomic bomb is a strategic rather than a tactical weapon," he declared. The Bikini experience, he pointed out, showed that soldiers in dugouts or tanks could weather the blast, heat and radiation of nearby atomic explosions and go on fighting.

I am fully aware that these conclusions run counter to popular misconceptions on atomic bombing effects. The fact is that in the *aerial explosions* over Bikini, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, there was no residual or "latent" radioactivity to speak of. The rescue workers and Red Cross were able to enter the bombed areas immediately and work without hazard to themselves. The radioactive danger existed only at the moment of explosion, which is an infinitesimal fraction of a second, and affected only those who were directly

exposed to the rays. Even Japanese who happened to be in primitive earth dugouts near the center of explosion were not touched by radiation. That is why soldiers properly dug-in will survive to fight again, as General McAuliffe rightly said.

The confusion on this score has been caused by the results of *underwater explosion* of the atomic bomb at Bikini. That bomb was artificially planted under water and detonated by remote control, as a kind of laboratory experiment. Millions of tons of water were mixed with radioactive fissionable material. This "poisoned" water drenched the ships, leaving radioactive deposits in all the crevices of the structures, from which they could not be completely removed without dismantling the ships. Hence they had to be destroyed. This condition does not prevail in aerial attacks on land forces. The tactical use of the atomic weapon against armies is therefore highly impractical at present, particularly considering the prodigious national effort that goes into their manufacture.

In short, strategic aviation based on Europe, being unable to stop surface attack by superior land forces, could be rapidly eliminated. To fulfill its rôle as a deterrent, as a means of decisive retaliation, it must be immune to Soviet attack. To make it part of the very area it is expected to protect, through dependence on European bases, is to court disaster.

An important principle of warfare at the present stage of technological

development needs to be understood:

(1) A preponderant land-force-in-being, with its supporting tactical aviation, cannot be prevented from taking possession of its own continent, except by superior land force already on the same continent. (2) Preponderant strategic air power located on one continent can neutralize and liquidate the land force of another continent through destruction of its means of waging war, communications, transportation, food and water supply.

In other words, preponderant land force can be stopped only by opposing land power of the necessary magnitude and vitality originated on the same continent. If that is not available, it can be challenged only by long-range strategic air power operating from another continent — from bases that are not menaced by hostile land forces and are shielded, moreover, by the entire defensive might of that continent.

The reinforcement of defending armies from overseas on a decisive scale is today out of the question. Encouraged by the success of the European invasion in the last war, some people stake their hopes on another and larger invasion; some such illusion underlies the demand for universal military training in our country. They forget that conditions have changed fundamentally.

In the last war, aircraft were still of limited range — not for technical reasons but because all the belligerents were blind to the need to exploit range to its full limit. Our

factories were unmolested. Great expanses of ocean were open to us. We could amass large armies in England without serious interference. Despite this, the invasion required years of intensive preparation and could not begin until the enemy's land strength had been sapped and his air strength virtually destroyed.

Today American factories would be under aerial bombardment, as would points of embarkation and disembarkation. No water area would be safe from enemy attack. Under these new conditions naval transport is too vulnerable to deliver millions of men and their equipment on the endangered continent in time to prevent its seizure. Air transport cannot as yet attain the lift to deliver and supply, let us say, 100 or 150 divisions across an ocean. The Berlin airlift, for all its dramatic achievement, should not engender illusions on this score; far-reaching technological advances — such as the replacement of present methods of propulsion by atomic energy — must be made before the transport of manpower on such a huge scale becomes feasible.

It is thus clear that to deter Soviet Russia from overrunning all of Europe in a crisis — or to liberate the continent if it is taken over by the Red Army — we have only the aforementioned sword of Damocles. Without it, a military revival of Western Europe will never be permitted by the great land power which is now potentially master of the continent.

Invincible strategic air power operating in part from the British Isles and in the main from the American continent must therefore have number-one priority in planning the economic revival and military defense of Europe. It is the pre-condition for the rearmament of the democratic portion of that land mass.

When West European statesmen grasp this central fact, they will see the fallacy of American military aid at the expense of long-range air power. They will no longer feel that the United States is "abandoning" Europe if it chooses to channel its resources into the air, rather than into a utopian attempt from the outset to match Russia's 300 divisions with West European divisions. On the contrary, any let-down in our strategic air program would amount to an abandonment of Europe to its fate.

To store perishable goods, the first and minimal need is a stout roof. Rearmament of Western Europe, until it is brought to the point where it balances the huge Soviet surface might, will remain exceedingly perishable goods. The protective roof can be provided only by American air power independent of European bases and geared for instant attack on Russian industries and communications.

Under the guarantee of such a roof, democratic Europe can begin to reorganize its military potential. The fighting manpower will be drawn from its own large population, while we provide the equipment and industrial tools. As its industries are revived,

there will be less call for the American contribution, until ultimately Western Europe stands on its own feet.

III

Though restoration of West European military strength, with the French Army as its core, is a primary goal, it must remain subsidiary at this stage, both in the matter of investment and priority. The right of way must be given to long-range strategic air power.

There are some, especially among the more rhetorical European leaders, who visualize a grand coalition of all the countries west of the Iron Curtain to match the Soviet potential division for division. Most of these divisions are to be provided by Europe, though equipped largely by America; the rest will be trained on our side of the ocean and, when war starts, conveyed to Europe by an immense navy sailing under its own umbrella of air power.

Not even opulent America is rich enough in men and materials to translate such a grandiose conception into reality — and at the same time develop the strategic air power which alone could restrain Russia from rudely interrupting the whole effort. First things must be put first in the plans for world security.

American manpower and resources, when measured against those of the Soviet Union and the Eurasian continent it dominates, are extremely limited. We cannot afford to build anything and everything that is proposed without courting bank-

ruptcy and dispersing our strength into the bargain.

The present official plans call for building simultaneously the largest possible land, sea and air forces. Obsessed by the "team" concept — the combined Army-Navy-Air Force operations developed during World War II — we are splitting our potential three ways; the military budget for the fiscal year 1950 earmarked equal amounts, about \$4.5 billion for each of the three services, on the arbitrary and unrealistic assumption that they will play equal rôles in any coming war.

A recent press summary of the view of our High Command stated that "the United States can develop overwhelming superiority in the air and at sea but it will find it hard to compete" with Russia's land power. Since Russia is a self-contained continent which does not depend on overseas supplies, the reference to our overwhelming superiority on the sea is irrelevant. Why, then, assign a third of our wealth to a force which Russia can and will ignore? Why assign another third to the land force, which we admit in advance will be defeated? Logic demands that we invest our national effort preponderantly in the one force, air power, where our overwhelming superiority can assure victory.

Sooner or later this logic will be recognized. The "team" of the last war was a makeshift designed to carry short-range aviation step by step, atoll by atoll, within striking

distance of the industrial heart of Japan proper. Now, with trans-oceanic aviation range a reality, the makeshift is no longer needed. Air power has become the predominant strategic force, our first line of security, with the surface services reduced to auxiliary functions.

An enlightened public opinion must lead to a reappraisal and reassignment of rôles, and our resources must be invested in the decisive force of modern war-making. Billions being squandered on outlived surface forces will then be saved. Having reduced our effort on land and sea, we shall be enabled to undertake the important job of restoring military vigor in Western Europe without an intolerable strain upon our economy and upon our free way of life.

Meanwhile, however, we are launched on an incredibly profligate strategy, almost suicidal in its waste of our substance on superfluous weapons. It is draining American national resources and committing American productive capacity at an alarming rate. To add to it the burden of massive European rearmament could only spread our limited strength still more thinly, with consequent weakening of the whole complex and without assuring clear-cut superiority in the most decisive sphere, which is today the air ocean. In theory we would be attempting to revitalize European self-defense; in actuality we would be making that very thing impossible.

Unfortunately the great debate

over fundamental strategic issues among our military men is being kept in large part a family secret. The American people, who in the final analysis must make the decision, are being kept ignorant by officialdom. When they know all the facts, as in the end they must, they will determine whether our country will be a land, air or sea power. We cannot be all three without condemning ourselves to defeat.

Military leaders, psychologically and mentally committed to their respective strategies, in the nature of the case will never come to a free unanimous decision. To leave it all to one man, the Defense Secretary, as is now being proposed, is undemocratic and dangerous; the military defeat of totalitarian nations holds a clear warning in this connection.

When the American people decide that long-range air power operating from their own mainland — now technologically realistic and feasible — is their sole strategic reliance, they will effect real economy in our national defense. They will then have a margin of wealth and manpower to spare for a genuine military revival in Western Europe. At the same time that strategy will guarantee to the democratic nations of that continent the necessary time for rearming without Soviet interference.

The rearmament effort in addition will tend to divide the Soviet air potential. Knowing that a surface counterforce is being developed, Moscow will have to maintain its own

surface strength at peak. It will therefore have to commit a large portion of its resources to the immense tactical aviation that goes with modern land power. The amount Russia will have available for the long-range air contest and home defenses will thus be reduced, with a relative enhancement of American strategic air might.

In its preparatory years, Nazi Germany built a Siegfried Line. From subsequent German strategy it is now apparent that the Nazis did not put much faith in surface obstructions. Why then did they build it? The answer, I believe, is that they were eager to stimulate French faith in the Maginot Line. Every franc siphoned off into the useless types of defenses raised Germany's relative weight. Steps for West European rearmament will serve similarly to siphon off an ever larger part of the Soviet industrial and raw-material potential into surface force, with a consequent advantage to American strategic air power.

But the problem of restoring European defensive vitality cannot be considered in a vacuum. It is inexorably bound up with the whole global equation and must be put in its proper relative place in the picture. A table of priorities in this crucial period of preparedness for peace — and for victory if war is forced upon us — would be roughly as follows:

First, long-range American strategic air force, and the reinforcement of

the British Isles as our most important and tenable advance base.

Second, rearmament of Western Europe, and the industrial recovery of that area to make possible the ultimate generation of independent military strength.

Both these purposes must be pushed simultaneously, of course. But in the assignment of appropriations and allocation of resources priority must be reserved to the first of them. To do otherwise would be tantamount to killing the goose that lays the golden eggs of American deterrent and retaliative power.

Within the framework of this realistic pattern, a beginning should be made immediately in the restoration of European military might. It will

be a shot-in-the-arm for the morale and self-respect of the nations involved. It will provide at least the minimum strength for policing purposes, to hold down fifth-column activities and to defeat them if they take violent forms. It will initiate the long-term program for an ultimate balance of military power on the European continent.

It has become a truism in our epoch that foreign policy is only as effective as the military power by which it is buttressed. Once we adopt a simple and logical military strategy, one that is within our means, our foreign policy will also be simplified. We shall be able to pursue our goal of world peace with self-assurance and without being misunderstood either by friends or potential enemies.

WHAT IS SEARCHED

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

What is searched for and unfound —
the vaster love and lack of grief —
leads us through growth, through floral waste,
through rot of our small mind's leaf.

What is hidden, not the seen
slight hopeful daylights we have known,
urges us forward in the dark:
we worm by the small mind's bone.

THE MAGAZINES WOMEN READ

BY ANN GRIFFITH

WOMEN read a great variety of magazines, on a great variety of subjects, and with great variation in their intellectual levels. Some women read *Breezy Love Stories*, and some — not quite so many, perhaps — read the *Harvard Business Review*. But despite the enormous diversity in women's reading habits, it seems to be a fact that the magazines designed *exclusively* for women are all pretty much alike. They are all slick, illustrated, middlebrow and prosperous; and they are all, or nearly all, composed of the same four ingredients: (1) advertisements, (2) social and household hints, (3) "serious" articles, and (4) fiction. The delicate blending of these elements (sometimes it is hard to tell which is which) results in a product that tells us a lot about the modern woman. It would perhaps be overstating the case to say that the women's magazines accurately reflect the spiritual qualities of American womanhood; but they do, certainly, let us in on a few of the problems involved in being an American woman. Take, for example, the problem of cleanliness, which in the women's magazines is quite a problem.

The standard of cleanliness that is set before today's woman is impossibly high. If she reads her ads diligently she must buy new products, or keep on buying old ones, in a hopeless quest for a perfection that eludes her like the Holy Grail. There is no generally agreed upon definition of "clean," and since the term is kept vague and relative she can never be sure that she has achieved it. Suppose she washes her much-maligned hair with a liquid shampoo which claims to be the cleanest shampoo in the world (to cite one of the milder claims). Can she relax now, confident that she has achieved the ultimate in hair-washing? Not if, while her hair is drying, she idly leafs through one of her magazines. The soap-shampoo makers and the creme-shampoo makers will fall upon her with cries of "I can do it better," and will ask her rudely if she has been using one of those *liquid* shampoos that leaves such an ugly, dull film. The three-way struggle between soap-, creme- and liquid-shampoos is so bitter and intense, and the disasters incurred by using any one, according to the other two, so frightening, that it is hard to

ANN GRIFFITH, who contributed a report on the love pulp magazines to the October 1948 *MERCURY*, studied at Barnard. She is currently working for an aviation trade journal.

imagine how any woman can screw up her courage to the point of making a choice.

The same difficulty prevails in every area of a woman's life that is subject to scrubbing. No matter what she uses for the floors, for her face, for her husband's shirts, for under the arms, for the sheets, the windows, the top of the stove, or the dishes — a rival product is always needling her to make things brighter, cleaner, fresher, and better smelling. Soap powder ads are pitched on a hysterical level. It used to be that getting rid of tattle-tale gray was enough, but not any more. In a surprising confession of past imperfection, almost every soap company is shouting that *now* it's *really* producing a good soap. "War-time research" has somehow uncovered a number of new ingredients, and if you thought the old formula got your washing clean you're living in a fool's paradise. It is not even enough, any more, for your clothes to be "white-like-new" or "bright-like-new." The latest developments in the laboratory, now incorporated into your package of soap powder, make your things whiter and brighter than brand-new! There is no end in sight, no hint that there is an optimum whiteness to which you can bring your clothes and then relax.

If it is true that women do believe in their magazines, such tactics must produce a permanent state of uncertainty. To believe that you and everything in your domain must be spotless at all times, and yet to have your

faith in whatever cleansing agent you have chosen constantly undermined by its rivals can lead only to frustration. Another virtue that is highly esteemed by the ad-men, good cooking, is similarly impossible to achieve. For every ad that tells how to be cleaner, there are two telling how to have better food, and the same confusion exists for the little woman amidst the pots and pans. She can cook things lighter, fluffier, prettier, more nourishing, more exciting, tastier and crunchier, but again there is no absolute.

II

Cleanliness and competitive cookery are two of the Big Four drives most hammered at in women's magazine ads. The third may be loosely described as more and better romance. Among the many products which promise more romance, or more satisfactory romance, to the purchaser are the following: corn-plaster ("Who wants a wife with *corns*?"), writing paper, cake, beverages, tapioca, elastic stockings, sheets and bobby pins. (For those who are past caring about romance, there is also a kind of bobby pin that boasts simply "a 144% stronger grip.") Deodorants and soaps stand side by side at the top of the romance list. Their nearest competitor is shampoo, which is followed by perfume, shoes, slips, brassières, cigarettes, and fingernail polish, in that order. These advertisers are more positive than the cooking and scrubbing boys. They often promise that love will follow the use of their products

as surely as the night the day, and probably as quickly.

All too infrequently, the hand of the Federal Trade Commission is faintly discernible, as in the case of the extraordinary admission of a certain "Lustre-Creme Dream Girl." Her facial expression is of such unspeakable vacuity that one would think her hair would have to turn to solid gold for any man to consider having her around the house. But no, apparently only a shampoo is needed to bring her Mr. Handsome to heel. "Say," he exclaimed, "What's happened to your hair? It looks beautiful, and changes your entire appearance." And indeed it has — from plain vacuity to advanced idiocy. But then in the final panel, Miss Dream Girl says, "A few weeks later he slipped a sparkler on my finger while he tenderly touched my sparkling hair. I don't suppose it always works this way. But Lustre-Creme Shampoo, with its blend of secret ingredients, *plus lanolin*, *did* bring out my hair's beauty, *did* attract my man." [Italics hers. — A. G.] That belatedly inserted element of doubt could have been only at the behest of the FTC.

The last of the Big Four, the biggest and best whip of all, operates in the kitchen, and includes ads for every modern device and potion that gets the little woman out of the kitchen faster. She is loudly advertised as hating it there, and one out of every two ads in the whole fertile field of women's magazines is concerned with

helping her to get through her kitchen-work quicker and more easily. Whether the ads really help her to get out of the kitchen is problematical. But if they do, she does not stay out very long. For the articles have a tendency to send her right back to the kitchen again. Articles designed to keep the woman in the kitchen comprise a hazard of a very special sort. One out of every two contains recipes.

Mostly they are not simple recipes. Mostly, in fact, they might be described as constructions. Salads, for instance, require not only a great deal of preparation time but also a working knowledge of geometry. The ingredients are not mixed comfortably together, but ranged stiffly around a platter, a pattern of cubes, strips, rectangles, circles and triangles. It seems to be much more important that things look pretty, in a sterile sort of way, than that they taste good, though taste is admittedly well thought of. Consider the following:

No one minds getting up from the table to serve himself and, really, with food as pretty to look at as this will be, everyone should see it before your carefully arranged platters are disturbed. While self-service is going on you can do some sleight of hand with the used dishes and your guests will return to a table that looks as charming as it did at the beginning of the meal.

Any hostess who had followed that particular article from beginning to end would hardly be up to any "sleight of hand with the used dishes," and if she had not already collapsed

before the guests arrived she would certainly stab to death the first one that laid a fork on her "carefully arranged platters." Who wants the work of sixteen hours, by conservative estimate, to be eaten? Listen to what she has gone through to pull off this simple little dinner party for eight people.

It took her a good three quarters of an hour to read through the menu and write out a shopping list. After checking to be sure that she had the required staples — salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper, sugar, paprika, Worcestershire, Tabasco, cloves, bay leaf, cornstarch, flour, cornmeal, baking powder, baking soda and powdered sugar — and finding that she was lucky enough to have all those on hand, her shopping list still ran to two pages. Somehow she had to get the following stupendous aggregation of groceries home to the kitchen before she even started to work: a five-pound chicken, a veal bone with one pound of veal attached, a veal chop, celery, carrots, milk, bread, thirteen eggs, heavy cream, Chinese seasoning powder, gourmet powder, salad oil, an avocado, garlic juice, butter, blue and yellow vegetable coloring, lots of peas, some parsley, a couple of green peppers, onions, chives, half a pound of shrimp, pimentos, cream cheese, water chestnuts, fish fillets, lime juice, tomatoes, coconut, okra, mayonnaise, chili sauce, beets, radishes, cauliflower, a calf's foot and a calf's tongue, water cress, butter milk, lemons, cherries, broken nut meats, straw-

berries, fresh peaches and canned pears.

After having somehow found, and paid for, this curious hodgepodge she still had a long road ahead of her before she could make it come out to look like the pictures. She had to whip or beat thirteen different bowlful of things. Part way through the master plan the author of this recipe had become apologetic about this aspect and said, "There's a lot of talk about beating here — sorry — and I'm not through yet, but you don't have to knock yourself out." Thereafter she became cagey, and instead of directing, "beat egg whites and add" she had phrased it, "add beaten egg whites."

Indirection is common in these recipes. Although designed for the woman with no "help," there is the implication that a staff of fairies is at work in such instructions as "combine 6 cups of peaches, peeled and cut into cubes, with 25 maraschino cherries cut into quarters." "Thin sandwiches should be served with this course" is a happy circumlocution for "make thin sandwiches."

In a few articles there is an Alice-in-Wonderlandish attempt to tackle social problems. The pattern which emerges is of good advice and expensive art work lavished on trivial matters; and of inadequate, unillustrated advice allotted to real problems. Thus eight pages of fashions, in color, will precede an uninspired two-page "treatment" of the conditions in

mental institutions. However, by giving even this small space to noted authorities who are known to exist in the real world, the illusion is created that from time to time these magazines do address themselves to reality.

But it is a very circumscribed reality, and on close inspection the illusion becomes insubstantial and all but dissolves. The controversial topics of today are either avoided entirely or presented with so many sides and qualifications and extenuating circumstances that the problem itself tends to sink out of sight. Of four sample articles on marriage, one argued that if your parents' marriage was happy, yours will have a better chance of succeeding; the second held that you should work hard to make your marriage happy so that your children will be happy; the third pointed out that you can expect a change in tempo when the honeymoon is over and you settle down; the fourth advised its readers to learn how to cook and keep house before getting married. Nearly every subject touched upon is drowned in a similar sea of platitudes.

Uncompromising, hard-hitting, straight-down-the-line articles do appear — against tooth-decay or men whistling at women, or in favor of kittens or neighborliness. Like a dog on a leash or a horse in a ring, the reader's mind is let out for a little fresh air, but it is a proscribed bit of exercise, and when it is over she is led gently back into the house, rather than stimulated further.

III

But if it is true, as advertised, that these *are* the magazines women believe in, then surely the fiction must be the hardest-to-accept of all. Out of a hundred stories, perhaps ten will be concerned with a genuine, recognizable problem. (Which is not to say that the problem will be solved by a genuine solution.)

One dreary couple, for instance, moves to New York after the war and runs spang into the housing problem. Months of apartment-hunting produce no place to live, only disillusionment. Jane would come back to their hotel room at night "exhausted, depressed, sick with the memory of shabby rooms already taken, sinister superintendents, bitter, fighting applicants. Once she witnessed a hair-pulling match between two well-dressed girls who each claimed to be first in line, and she went away trembling, her heart heavy, wondering what had happened to all the decency in the world, the ready laughter and clean eyes of the people she had known before the war." Finally she finds a cold-water flat, but being a loyal reader of the women's magazines, she is miserable here because she can't get it clean enough. Everything, in fact, is too dirty for her — the children on the block, the janitor, the streets, even her dear husband with "clean, square hands," she is wont to muse on, has "the city's grime on the turned-back cuffs of his shirt, and at his collar." She becomes more

desperate as the months drone on. All her home-making instincts are thwarted by the limitations of their flat. Quarrels increase, tempers fray. One can follow Ken and Jane this far with some belief, if total lack of interest, because one knows that a housing shortage exists and that a cold-water flat can be hard on the nerves. It is with a heart as heavy as Jane's, however, that one reads the resolution. Comes the Big Quarrel over a burned steak. Bitter words, including the ever popular, "I hate you, I hate you!" Tears. Ken storms out, but is back in a gratifyingly short time. All words are retracted and we are served the following bit of Pabulum for a solution. "What did it matter where they lived, as long as they were together? What did it matter about the world if they had each other?"

Such stories, played out against a recognizable backdrop, are rare. The vast majority take place in a never-never land inhabited by disembodied spirits completely free of entangling environments. There is a constant dashing around from Bermuda to Paris to Hawaii to Mexico by people with no visible means of support. The traffic between New York and Reno is exceptionally heavy, and the travelers amazingly light-hearted. There are no time-tables, reservations, or lawyers' fees. Practically everybody lives in New York, Florida or San Francisco.

It takes a shadowy character to survive in a shadowy world. The ability

to pull up stakes and dash off wherever love demands is a requisite. Few people have jobs, and almost nobody works from nine to five. Those who do work seem to hold vague positions in advertising agencies or brokerage firms which allow them an unlimited amount of time off. This is a good thing, for husbands are required to spend a great deal of time at home, family life being a series of major crises in which everybody participates. The single man must be away from the office even more than the husband. One indefatigable suitor chased his heroine back and forth across the continent four times before he was able to land her. Unlike Ken and Jane, most of the people in this fiction are free as air, with no worries about jobs, delinquent children, money, housing, the high cost of living, elections, the state of the world, or any of the problems that dog us mortals on the outside.

The contrasts between the people inside the women's magazines and the people the reader must encounter in her daily life are endless. The heroes and heroines are an incredible synthesis of the good, the true and the beautiful, actuated always by the highest motives, as gamely virtuous as Little Orphan Annie. The pre-occupation with cleanliness is again apparent. They are clean morally, and, above all, physically. "Hair nice and clean and red," "clean-jawed," "a good clean profile," "a good clean brow," "a clean, rugged face" — these and a hundred variants are in

constant use. All skin is clear and unblemished (one girl was even noted as having "an unblemished foot"), hair is shiny and neat, clothes are pressed, nobody perspires, and the inner man is pure as the driven snow.

Husbands are the most shadowy figures of all in this shadowy world. They seem to have no separate identity, but exist only as projections of their wives. One story went so far as to demonstrate that the hen-pecked man really prefers it that way. The mouse in this case was roused to action when he heard that he'd become the laughing stock of the town. The news had got around that he hadn't been out at night, or taken a drink, or smoked, for ten years. Angrily he announced that he behaved in this fine fashion because he wanted to. (True, his wife had said ten years ago that she "didn't like the smell of smoke.") But he'd show them, nobody was going to say *he* was hen-pecked. Down he goes to the cellar and brings back half a bottle of whisky and half a pack of cigarettes that he'd left there ten years ago, only to discover that *he doesn't really want them*, just as he thought. So he slams on his hat and rushes out of the house — he's still going to show them — but he doesn't know where to go. The finale of this housewife's fantasy finds him, half an hour later, returning to his home and wife, not caring any more if the neighbors do think him hen-pecked, wishing only to be attached to her apron-strings again.

The plots which are acted out

by these unrecognizable characters amidst correspondingly unrecognizable settings are not very great variations of the man-hunt. The pursuit of the male, or more specifically the bringing of the male to heel, is the burden of approximately 85 per cent of women's-magazine fiction. The usual plot is almost too banal to bear recounting, being the hoary business of bringing two people together, introducing some barrier to love, demolishing it, and marrying them off. Or, if they are already married, introducing some threat, demolishing it, and leaving them marrieder than ever.

These basic themes having been done an incalculable number of times, a good variation is hard to find, and most of the attempts are pitiable. One man about to marry a girl becomes annoyed because she isn't neat and she drops things around and bangs into things and even sits on the floor sometimes. While he's thinking of calling the whole thing off, she recites a bit of poetry she learned at school. So impressed is he at her knowing a poem that:

He could not speak for a moment. Something was happening to him deep inside. Like being born. As hard, as fierce, and as anguished.

He was looking deep into those limpid eyes that missed so much, but that saw and knew what they had to. Young as the morning and ageless in wisdom, those eyes. Her sweetness and sloth, her blindness and understanding — he knew it now — had finally mixed and merged into the sure integrity of the well-beloved.

He buried his face in her hair; she held

him tight. Her arms had gone around his waist, to rest him, to keep him.

Darling, my darling, it's going to be all right! her body said.

With one hand, he held her away from him; with one hand he touched her-eyes, her cheek, and her hair.

"Please marry me very soon," he said.

One of the reasons the variations are so weak is that the strictest morality must always be observed. A typical hero was "shocked" when a girl he had taken out six times allowed him to kiss her. A more daring story sends a couple who have known each other eight months off for a week end together. Before they reach the first stop she gets cold feet and demands to be taken home. For three months he stays away and she mopes around the house, sure she has lost him, and thinking well, maybe she should have, but then oh no, *no*, better this than that. Virtue is at length triumphantly rewarded and the male is forced to eat humble pie. He does love her, after all; he can't stay away any longer; and finally he appears at the door with a bona fide offer of marriage.

It is time to ask point-blank why women swallow this sort of thing hook, line and sinker? — if they do. What do they get? What is the reward for the tortuous mental gymnastics that women must have to employ to keep their faith in as complicated and contradictory a credo as is handed down to them by their magazines?

A suggested answer is that if they can believe everything they read in them, they can save themselves an endless amount of worrying. A defi-

nite aura of "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world" emanates from the great editorial bosom of these magazines. "There, there, little women, leave all your thinking to us" is about what these magazines tell their readers. To be advised on everything, from how much to nip in her waist this month to the proper attitude toward atomic energy is certainly easier for her than thinking for herself. To be assured that she need not bother her pretty head about atomic energy is perhaps reward enough in itself.

I dare say you are neither excited nor bewildered by the fact that men can burn coal and make steam, and with the steam turn generators that produce electric current. The chances are that your only interest in this phenomenon lies in the result of it. When you flip a switch your percolator works, or your lights go on, or your vacuum cleaner starts sucking up dirt. You do not have to know anything whatever about ohms or kilowatts or transformers in order to make use of the energy that comes through your meter in the basement. Atomic energy is the same thing. It is electricity, nothing more. The only difference is in the fuel that is used to produce the electricity. Coal produces electricity because it burns and boils water to make steam. Uranium produces electricity because its atoms can be split apart. This splitting process releases huge amounts of heat. This heat can be used to boil water and make steam, which in turn can be used to make electricity. That is all there is to atomic energy. We have a new fuel.

For her, that's all there need be to it. Atomic energy is just a new means of powering her vacuum — to get things *cleaner*.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S REPORT ON RUSSIA IN THE UN

BY NEAL STANFORD

IN THE three years that United States officials have worked side by side with Soviet representatives in the United Nations' council and committee meetings, they have had an opportunity to study some questions about the USSR's foreign policy. Their answers to these questions appear in the following privately-circulated analysis of the Soviet record in the UN, which may be taken as an official interpretation of Moscow's motives and acts. It discloses what the American government thinks of the USSR's strategy in the UN.

THE importance of the United Nations as an instrument to promote international security and friendly relations has received abundant lip service from Soviet spokesmen.

Stalin and Molotov have repeatedly expressed belief in the importance of the UN. On September 18, 1947, Andrei Vishinsky stated that "as far as the Soviet Union is concerned, its policy with regard to the UN organization is a policy of strengthening the organization, it is a policy of

broadening and strengthening of international cooperation, a policy of a steady, consistent observance of the Charter and of fulfillment of its principles."

In the same speech, Vishinsky affirmed the duty of each member of the UN "to perform its obligations in an unprejudiced manner and with consciousness of its high responsibility in this matter which requires complete clarity, objectiveness and respect of truth, which must be placed above all."

A look at the record of the USSR in the UN discloses a startling non-conformity between the Soviet words of respect for the UN and the Soviet deeds of non-respect in the UN.

The USSR has pursued a policy of hamstringing activities of the Security Council and the General Assembly. It has treated with an indifference verging on contempt those decisions of the General Assembly of which the USSR did not approve, even though accepted by the overwhelming majority of nations.

NEAL STANFORD is a State Department correspondent and foreign affairs specialist for the Washington bureau of the Christian Science Monitor. His last previous contribution to the MERCURY was "Report on Russian Imperialism," which appeared in the issue of December 1947.

By refusing or neglecting to take part in the work of many UN-affiliated organs, such as Balkan and Korean Commissions, Interim Committee, etc., the Soviet Union weakened the authority of those organs as world assemblies.

Within the UN organs, the Soviet delegations have frequently pursued a policy of aggrandizing Soviet influence while doing nothing to secure effective action. Although the most eminent leaders of the USSR — Stalin, Molotov, Zhdanov and Vishinsky — have reiterated in postwar days the statements that the “capitalist” and “socialist” spheres could co-exist peacefully, Soviet representatives have frequently used UN assemblies for wordy assaults on the Western powers and prominent leaders of Western society.

This has been consistent with the Marxian philosophy of the struggle and inevitable final armed conflict between the two worlds of capitalism and socialism, but hardly conducive to the maintenance of international good relations or to the abatement of fear of war.

THE SECURITY COUNCIL

The Security Council is in some respects the favorite organ of the Soviet representatives among all the UN agencies. In 1947, when the UN budget was under consideration, the Soviet delegation proposed a reduction in the budget for all the UN organs except the Security Council.

This favoritism is due, of course, to the fact that the most important acts of the Security Council require the support of all the permanent members of the Council, which gives the Soviet Union the power to veto any act not to its liking, subject to the special waiver of the veto power under Article 27-3 of the Charter.

Of the permanent members, only the USSR has used the veto extensively (France has used the veto twice), the twenty-eighth Soviet veto having been cast on October 25, 1948.

(1) Membership Applications Vetoed.

The veto has been used most often to prevent the entry into the UN of new members. States which have been blocked from UN membership as a result of Soviet vetoes include Transjordan, Eire, Portugal, Italy, Finland, Austria and Ceylon.

The vetoes on Italy and Finland were especially notorious because the USSR representatives conceded that these states were qualified for membership, but refused to approve them because the application of the other ex-enemy states (Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria) could not command the support of a Security Council majority.

Apropos of this, the representative of the U. S. (Mr. Austin) remarked that “horse-trading is recognized as entirely proper and appropriate at a country fair, but it is not appropriate in the Security Council.”

The Soviet representatives based

their opposition to the admission of the above-mentioned countries on their poor war record, their lack of relations with the USSR, or their alleged subservience to another power (Transjordan, Ceylon).

The obvious motivation, however, was fear that these countries would be unlikely to add strength in UN organs to the Soviet-satellite bloc. No support can be found in the Charter of the UN for the conditions introduced by the Soviet delegation.

In an advisory opinion of May 28, 1948, the International Court of Justice ruled that a member could not make its consent to admission of another state dependent on conditions not specified in the Charter, which requires simply that states be peace-loving and that they accept the obligations of the Charter and be able and willing to carry out these obligations.

Furthermore, the Court stated that a member could not make its affirmative vote for the admission of any state subject to the admission of other states. This applied specifically to the Soviet behavior regarding Italy and Finland.

(2) Membership Applications Promoted.

The Soviet Union has displayed no scruples about promoting the membership applications of countries dependent, completely or largely, on the USSR. Thus, Soviet representatives have urged the acceptance as UN members of Soviet Balkan satellites and the Mongolian People's

Republic, none of which can pursue a policy independent of the USSR.

An even more striking instance is the Soviet sponsorship of UN membership for the member states of the USSR, the Union republics.

Soviet representatives attempted in 1944 to secure admittance to the future world peace organization for all sixteen of the Union republics which collectively form the USSR. This demand was dropped in the course of negotiations, the USSR insisting only on the admittance of the Ukrainian and Belorussian Republics, a condition finally accepted by the other powers.

The Soviet argument for these two states was that they had played an important part in the war. There was no suggestion that these states were more "sovereign" than the other fourteen Union republics.

The Soviet Union has also sought, unsuccessfully, the admission of the Latvian, Lithuanian and Estonian republics to the Universal Postal Union and the International Telecommunications Union.

As independent republics, these Baltic states had been members of both organizations until 1940. After annexing these countries in 1940, the USSR wrote to the ITU that their membership should be considered to have ceased.

In 1946, the USSR revoked the 1940 notification, citing as a basis the 1944 amendments to the Constitution of the USSR (which gave the Union republics the right to carry on foreign

relations and to establish their own armies).

Considerations of expediency have discouraged Soviet representatives from pressing their claims for other republics in addition to the five mentioned, but they can always pull such claims out of the hat, since in Soviet constitutional theory all of the Union republics are on an equal basis. Actually, these "sovereign" republics do not manage their own finances, have no control over the heavy industry within their borders, are subject to the Five-Year plans of the USSR, and must gear their agriculture to all-USSR programs.

Every department head in every Union republic is responsible, directly or indirectly, to some authority in Moscow. Often he is summoned to Moscow to account for acts of omission or commission. Even mayors (chairmen of Executive committees of City Soviets) are called before USSR organs to get "guidance" and directives on the management of their city affairs. Transjordan and Ceylon may well ask: "If this be sovereignty, what is suzerainty?"

(3) *Veto: Now and Then.*

Apart from membership applications, the Soviet representatives employed the veto against resolutions concerning the "Spanish question," the "Greek question," the "Indonesian question," the withdrawal of troops from Syria and Lebanon, the responsibility of Albania for the Corfu channel incident, the question of Soviet interference in Czechoslo-

vakia, the report of the Atomic Energy Commission, and the proposal for settling the four-power dispute over Berlin.

The present Soviet insistence on the veto is in sharp contrast to the Soviet proposal of 1936 for bettering the League of Nations by elimination of the unanimity rule in the Council. The proposal, submitted on August 22, 1936 by the USSR People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs (Litvinov), urged that decisions on the application of military or economic sanctions to aggressor nations should require only a three-fourths majority in the Council, rather than the unanimous consent specified in the Covenant of the League.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

(1) *Contempt for UN Commissions.*

Because the General Assembly is not hindered in its operation by veto rights, it has been able to function more effectively in some respects than the Security Council. The USSR has not been able to block the passage of measures desired by the entire non-Soviet world.

This flexibility has been offset, however, by elements of impotence caused by the General Assembly's lack of power to implement decisions which the Soviet Union chooses to defy or ignore.

The UN Special Commission on the Balkans was established to investigate the dangerous situation of internecine civil war in Northern

Greece and the rôle of Greece's northern neighbors in relationship to that struggle. The USSR opposed the establishment of this commission and supported the position of Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria in refusing to cooperate with the Commission or to allow the Commission to enter the satellites' territory. (Bulgaria finally allowed a subcommission to enter briefly in 1948.)

When the General Assembly created a UN Temporary Committee on Korea, the USSR again refused to have anything to do with its operations. The Ukrainian delegate, completely subservient to the USSR, was appointed to the Committee, but refused to serve. As the occupying power in Korea north of the thirty eighth degree of latitude, the USSR would not allow the committee to operate in its occupation zone, and refused to allow the people of North Korea to participate in the elections held under committee supervision.

(2) *The "War-mongering" Campaign.*

In the General Assembly, the Soviet representatives have repeatedly produced diversions of the kind typified by the Soviet campaign against "war-mongering," begun in the fall of 1947. This campaign was characterized by much invective, but resulted in little save a disturbance of the normal ratio of talk to action.

The use of this international forum as a sounding board for propaganda casting sharp aspersions on the charac-

ter of non-Soviet society has degraded the General Assembly and made more difficult the creation of mutual trust.

A resolution condemning "war-mongering" was passed by the General Assembly on November 3, 1947, which imposed an obligation on member states of the UN to take steps "within constitutional limits" to promote "by means of publicity and propaganda" friendly relations among nations and to encourage the dissemination of information designed to give expression to popular desires for peace.

This resolution had little effect on the problem at which it was aimed, while the charges regarding "war-mongering" before and after passage of the resolution have done much to increase mutual hostility.

Certainly the resolution seems to have had no effect on Soviet propaganda. In September 1947, the month in which Vishinsky opened the "war-mongering" campaign, the Soviet *Literary Gazette* published an article on President Harry Truman by Boris Gorbatov which was hardly likely to promote amity.

The article was so violent in tone and "wantonly libelous" in character that it called forth a strong protest on the part of the American Ambassador in Moscow. The Ambassador said that Gœbbels had never "stooped to greater ridicule and vituperation against the head of an enemy country than has Mr. Gorbatov against the Chief Executive of a friendly and allied state."

A sampling of other Soviet propaganda, post-resolution variety, indicates no increase, but a decrease, in propaganda promoting friendly relations among nations. The November 6, 1947, speech by Molotov on the anniversary of the revolution contained not one single word which could have been designed to promote friendly relations between East and West.

On the contrary, almost every other sentence bristled with disparaging phrases directed toward the Western States — “hostile capitalist encirclement,” “capitalist bondage,” “bestial anti-Soviet enmity,” “aggressive military and political plans of American imperialism,” “creation of military bases as preparation for aggression,” “so-called western freedom of the press,” “expansionist circles in the USA,” “the British and American frank imperialism.”

Discussing World War II, Molotov ignored the contribution of all the other countries to the victory and praised only the Soviet Union's rôle. Similarly, with the January 21, 1948, speech of M. A. Suslov, at the Lenin anniversary meeting, which was attended by Stalin, Molotov and the most prominent politicians of the Soviet Union, Suslov, then head of the Propaganda Administration of the Communist Party, excoriated Western democracy as “hypocritical and false,” a “democracy for the minority, the wealthy classes and the rich only.” Suslov described “the imperialists of the U. S.” as “laying

claim to the rôle of world gendarme strangler of the freedom and independence of people.”

Suslov's sharp attack on people in the Soviet Union who “bow down before foreign culture” recalls the long-continuing series of conferences called to castigate Soviet intellectuals for their sins. One of the mortal sins denounced in the “cultural campaign” was respect for Western Culture. Writers and artists accused of displaying traces of friendliness for Western culture were pointedly advised to eradicate such survivals of capitalist ideology.

This has resulted in a kind of competition in which each intellectual tries to show that he can be more anti-Western than his fellows. Many of those who got into trouble on this score suffered administrative penalties as well as public denunciation.

Thus George F. Aleksandrov was removed as head of the Party's propaganda apparatus following criticism of his *History of Western European Philosophy*. After intense fire had been centered on Eugene Varga, he lost his directorship of an Institute of the Academy of Sciences (the Institute was summarily abolished) and lost his editorship of the journal, *World Economy and World Politics*, through its suspension.

OTHER UN ORGANS

(1) *Interim Committee of the General Assembly.*

When the General Assembly proceeded to establish its Interim Com-

mittee (popularly called the "Little Assembly") to operate between the Second and Third Sessions of the General Assembly, the USSR served notice that it would have nothing to do with this body.

The Soviet representatives absented themselves, despite the fact that the Interim Committee was intended to be broadly representative of all nations who were members of the UN. The Soviet Delegation carried in its wake the delegations of the satellites.

(2) *ILO.*

The Soviet Union has never rejoined the International Labor Organization, to which it once belonged, despite the fact that the ILO had always interested itself in improving labor standards, an ideal to which Soviet representatives always pay lip service.

(3) *International Bank and Monetary Fund.*

After initial flirtation with the international financial organs, the USSR adopted an attitude of indifference. It is not a member of either the International Monetary Fund or the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

This manifestation of indifference did not prevent the USSR from participating actively in UN discussions of the relationship between the UN and these auxiliary agencies. The USSR attempted, unsuccessfully, to secure more UN control over operations of both agencies, a measure which would have enabled the Soviet

Union to influence activities without assuming the rights and duties of participation.

(4) *UNESCO.*

In view of the Soviet tendency to keep a closed Soviet Union shop regarding cultural exchange, it is not surprising that the USSR has kept out of UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. The entire purpose of UNESCO centers on international intellectual cooperation and exchange, whereas the dominant philosophy of the Soviet régime insists that the only worthwhile exchange is the exchange of other systems of thought and behavior for the type of Marxism embodied in the Soviet system.

(5) *Specialized Agencies.*

As mentioned before, the USSR participates in the Universal Postal Union and the International Telecommunications Union. Of the remaining UN auxiliaries, the Soviet Union participates in the World Health Organization (to which it has not sent certain required data on health conditions in the USSR), but declines to participate in the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO), the International Refugee Organization (IRO), the International Trade Organization (ITO), and the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO).

In the latter case, Soviet representatives participated in the preliminary work of organization of FAO, and Soviet cooperation was especially sought because agricultural conditions

in the USSR can seriously affect world agriculture.

(6) *Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC)*.

The Soviet Union's avoidance of participation in some auxiliary agencies is nicely balanced by an eagerness to participate in other agencies, despite the opposition of members, who felt that the Soviet representatives would use the agency for purely propagandistic purposes.

Of the Regional Economic Commissions formed under the Economic and Social Council the USSR was accorded membership on the Economic Commission for Europe (ECE) and the Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (ECAFE). At a session in 1947 the USSR tried without success to have ECE operate with a two-thirds rule, which would have given the Soviet satellites a veto power.

Both ECE and ECAFE have been used by Soviet representatives for development of propaganda themes having little bearing on any work of the Commissions, with the emphasis in ECE on anti-Marshall Plan propaganda and in ECAFE on anti-imperialism.

The USSR presented a request (subsequently rejected) for membership in the Economic Commission for the Middle East (ECME), based on the claim of contiguity with the area. The claim was opposed by the Middle Eastern countries. It was pointed out that even the United Kingdom was not to be represented

on ECME, despite the UK's responsibility for administration of dependent Middle Eastern areas.

The USSR also attempted, again without success, to secure a place on the Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA), basing its claim on the "important rôle" played by the USSR in "settling international economic problems."

In the Economic and Social Council, the Soviet representatives have been chary of offering solid facts regarding the USSR economic picture. When the UN Secretariat published in 1948 a 350-page *Economic Report: Salient Features of the World Economic Situation, 1945-47*, it was compelled, because of the lack of data, to omit the USSR from its survey.

Professor Arutyunyan, the Soviet representative, noted this omission in a speech of February 24, 1948, to ECOSOC. The speech was filled, however, with the usual type of Soviet statistics: production figures mixed plans with achievements, and they were all stated as percentage increases over an unknown prior figure.

(7) *Trusteeship Council*.

The USSR ended a long boycott of the Trusteeship Council (in which it was automatically entitled to representation in virtue of its permanent membership on the Security Council) in April 1948 when it named a representative.

The Soviet delegation apparently decided that it was overlooking a

good opportunity to give wider circulation to propaganda about "colonialism" and "imperialism." Subsequently Soviet representatives entered dissents to most of the reports of the Trusteeship Council on the administration of dependent areas.

(8) *Armament and Atomic Agencies.*

Despite its promotion of various disarmament proposals in the General Assembly and elsewhere, the USSR has occupied a distinctly minority position on the question of means of bringing about control or reduction of armed forces and armament.

Both the Atomic Energy Commission and the Committee on Conventional Armaments have come to a standstill because of the intransigence of the Soviet-satellite minority in opposing all measures agreed to by the rest of the world.

Thus the Committee on Conventional Armaments reported on August 17, 1948, that it was impossible to resolve the differences over non-atomic disarmament in view of East-West distrust. Earlier, in May 1948, at its two hundred and twenty-second meeting the Atomic Energy Commission voted to suspend operations after two years of meetings. It adopted by 9-2 vote (USSR, Ukrainian SSR against) a report summarizing its recommendations.

(9) *Military Staff Committee.*

The Military Staff Committee of the Security Council has been doing preparatory work on the establishment of a UN military force. For a

long time after the British, French, American, and Chinese estimates had been submitted, Soviet representatives continued to insist on an agreement on principles prior to discussion of actual forces.

The Soviet representatives preferred a formula stressing "equality of contribution" (as against the formula of "comparability of contributions" urged by the four other powers). Under the equality proposal the contributions of any of the great powers would, in any category of armaments, be limited to the amount that the weakest of the big powers could contribute.

The Soviet Union was apparently motivated by the desire to minimize the utilization of instruments of combat not in Soviet employ. The estimates tardily submitted by the USSR were consistent with this Soviet bias, because they would have provided smaller UN forces than would have been organized under any of the alternative proposals submitted to the Military Staff Committee.

When the Soviet proposal is viewed in the light of the corollary proposal of Soviet representatives that the UN forces should be located within the frontier of the states supplying the forces, it becomes clear that the USSR was attempting to minimize the potential influence of UN armed forces.

CONCLUSION

Thus the record shows that despite Soviet protestations of interest in a

viable international organization, the USSR participation in the UN has been characterized by obstructive tactics, refusal to cooperate in UN activities to which the USSR was hostile or indifferent, use of UN organs as forums for propaganda assaults on the West, and a general derogation of the effectiveness of the UN.

COOL BELL

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Suddenly, two thousand miles
From home and boyhood was this sound
Of a bell he would have known
Over half the world around.

A cool, cool bell from balsam hills
Here in the palm-trees' flat hot home;
The last he followed it, he drove
Cows home by the Maine coast foam.

But now the bell came into sight,
And it was under a horse's chin,
Behind it coolness came on wheels
After the bronze bell's frosty din.

An old man vending ice-cream came,
A dozen bare blond boys in tow,
And this Texan handsomeness
Joined that of the long ago.

Cool milk, sweet milk still could draw
The little hot boys home from play;
The man was safe in boyhood still
Though miles and many years away.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



LO, THE POOR CRITIC

IT NEED hardly again be mentioned that many of our theatrical producers' favorite, consoling explanation of any unfavorable criticism of their exhibits is that it was composed by a critic suffering from dyspepsia. That the explanation long since has taken its place in the joke-books has not hindered its autoactivation. The belief that a critic beset by one malaise or another is bound to be influenced by his personal discomfort against a play or show which duty compels him willy-nilly to review is but one of a number of fallacies shared alike by producers, playwrights, and volunteer secular diagnosticians. The fact of the matter is that, instead of being influenced against what he has to review, the critic's indisposition influences him rather in its favor, and for a reason that even the amateur psychologist may determine.

When the critic for one cause or another finds his physical and mental vivacity not what it should be, he, like any other man, is inclined to be

self-apologetic and in that mood far from contentious. He is induced by his enfeebled state to resign himself for the time being to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, to let things slide, and to avoid anything in the way of discommoding argument. The mere consciousness of so little as a pimple on his nose has been known to humble a man's self-assurance in the presence of another man, or, more particularly, woman whom otherwise he would flee as from the plague. Any critic who has been practising for any length of time knows that the less fit he feels the greater his disposition to be easy on what he reviews. He will not, of course, openly admit it — his *amour propre* is too considerable for that; but the truth remains that any such one depressed by anything short of small-pox is naturally reduced to a charitableness which under other circumstances would be wholly foreign to him.

It is not only theatre criticism that has been inflicted with the opposite conviction. Criticism in general has frequently been criticized in turn on

the senseless ground of its practitioners' health and, in some cases, even looks, as may be amusingly noted in a recent study in the methods of modern literary criticism, *The Armed Vision*, by Stanley Edgar Hyman, wherein Van Wyck Brooks is summarily dismissed with the observation that he has aged and has now a white mustache. "In what way hair on the lip, no matter what its color, can interfere with critical judgment," Joseph Wood Krutch has added, "Mr. Hyman does not make clear."

Drama criticism remains, however, the chief victim of such imbecile prejudices and confusions. Shaw's devastatingly accurate criticism of Henry Irving, it will be remembered, was attributed by numskulls to his jealousy of a rival for the affections of the fair Ellen Terry, and his equally riddling criticism of sentimental Victorian twaddle to the fact that he did not eat meat. And Beerbohm's objection to some of the juvenile sentiment flooding the stage of his day was argued by his detractors to be predicated on the circumstance that he had a bald head. *Unfavorable criticism*, in short, is ever thought to have a dubious well-spring or motive. The clichés are numberless: the critic is a disappointed playwright; the critic employs criticism as a derrick for his little ego; the critic is a failure who seeks to vent his spleen on others who have succeeded; the critic is a homely creature who dislikes an actor who is handsome; the critic is against an actress because she has won a rôle

coveted by an actress of whom personally he is fond; the critic is a drunkard on the score that he enjoys a Martini before his dinner; the critic has dined well before the show and a decent meal notoriously corrupts the brain; etc., etc.

II

It is further sometimes charged against the critic that his reviews tend toward one extreme or the other, that they are either comprehensively laudatory or comprehensively detractory, and that seldom if ever do they allow anything to the middle ground. The charge is often true, but its truth is retroactively foolish. There are various plays that are completely bad, plays with no slightest redeeming qualities, and the only honest manner in which to review them is to say just that, flatly. There are, as well, plays that are wholly admirable and qualifications of their admirableness are simply the gesture of critics who wish to be arbitrarily different and thereby attract some attention to themselves. Qualifications in such cases are infinitely less symptoms of critical acumen and equity than of a desire to gain a reputation for those virtues at the expense of sharp judgment and intelligence.

A still further charge is that the critic is prejudiced in favor of certain kinds of drama and just as prejudiced against other kinds. Again, true. But prejudice, if sound, is what gives the critic his standing. Every man, whatever his calling, acquires prejudices

based on experience, so why not the critic? There are, obviously, silly prejudices as well as sound, but the former soon betray and defeat their merchants. Prejudices which are the consequence of critical education are among the most forceful weapons in the critic's arsenal. Show me a critic without prejudices and I'll show you an arrested cretin.

A third allegation is that the critic too often aims to be clever and witty instead of being straightforward and simple, and that this is deplorable. How and why it is deplorable is hard to make out. A review is intended to be read and if cleverness and wit will help it to be read, so much the better. The theory, moreover, that cleverness and wit may not be reconciled with forthright honesty is kin to one which would maintain that intelligence is best to be expressed dully and that judgment is most acceptable if recorded in glassy writing. The most valuable dramatic criticism of modern times, from Shaw to Palmer, from Montague to Howe, and from Béraud to Kerr, has been that which has been percolated through wit, humor, and literary legerdemain; the least valuable that which has been purveyed like an austere frost. Opinions long and strongly stated have a way of becoming objectionable and even slightly offensive, however valid they may be. Best to serve, they should be coated with varied brightly colored dyes. The dyes do not penetrate seriously into them; they are largely superficial; but, as with an Easter egg, they

engage and tickle the attention of such children as would disdain the egg in its common, unadorned state.

III

We hear that the critic should efface himself in his criticism and not, as is the practice of some, employ it in part as a personal show-window. The contention is that of other critics who hope to make acceptable their own lack of any personality by decrying it in their betters. Anyone who uses criticism as a personal show-window must have the goods to display in it or soon go out of business. A good critic can no more keep his personality and all it stands for out of his criticism than he can keep it out of his speech, his politics, or his love-making. Impersonal criticism, if there can be such a thing, is like an impersonal fist fight or an impersonal marriage, and as successful.

To ask of a critic that he dismiss his personality and its various facets from his criticism is an affront both to him and to criticism itself. It is like asking the individual to convert himself into a blank and to allow the blank, like a whitewashed, flat wall, to reflect what rays there may possibly be against another such wall which is the reader. Personality, far from deflecting the light, makes it seem relatively brighter and yet more comfortable on the eyes by embellishing it with shadow and color. What the objectors object to is really not any such factual personality but what is sanguinely passed off for it through

the common journalistic over-use of the first person singular pronoun. The critic who dots his paragraphs with "I's" may conceivably enjoy a personality as striking as Napoleon's or General Coxey's but he does not know how to sell it. True personality does not work itself thus contrabandily into criticism; criticism naturally reflects it.

It is also the habit to look askance at the critic who contradicts himself. Such contradiction is held to be the mark of an insecure and untrustworthy mind. It should rather be the habit to look askance at the critic who does not occasionally contradict himself. Contradiction may as well be the offspring of increased education, experience, and perception as it may be of the vacillation induced by ignorance. The critic who stubbornly adheres to original statement is sometimes like a bulldog who gluttonously clings to a rubber bone. There is a tide in the affairs of art as there is in the affairs of man, and, while the basic principles may not be affected, there are ripples that glint with new lights and these new lights now and then dim the antecedent ones. The critic who vainly is unwilling to contradict himself is accordingly in the position of a man who has been unpleasantly punched in the eye, which thereupon turns black, but who stoutly denies to witnesses of the contretemps both that it took place and that his eye is not its normal color.

"Whenever either side of the scale

is over-weighted," writes Eric Bentley in a treatise called *Theory and Theatre*, "it is for the critic to try — by exhortation, invective, satire, or whatever — to weight the other side. In a sense the critic's job is not to be impartial but always *to weight the other side* [*italics his*], the side that needs it." This is an applaudably generous point of view and one that appeals to every man's impulse to help the underdog, but otherwise it would convert the critic into a mere propagandist. The critic who would arbitrarily weight the other side, whatever it might be, would be a suspect critic indeed. The temptation to do it is wholly understandable, and in moments of careless thinking I have not been the only one who has succumbed to it (Mr. Bentley seems to prove that he, among others, is like me in this regard), but such weighting surely is no part of criticism. It is part, rather, of critical politics. I agree that in a sense the critic's job, as Mr. Bentley puts it, is not to be impartial. He should fight for what he soberly deems right and best, and should pitch his lance come hell or high water. And if over-weighting his stand will assist his purpose, let him over-weight it to the limit. If another critic who, though agreeing with him, elects then to posture as playing fair by sophisticating the virtues of the other side and thus elevate himself as a square-shooter over the other, he is not only critically dishonest but, however cunning, a critical fraud.

IV

There is, finally, it need scarcely be repeated, a distaste for any man who sets himself up as a critic of other men and their works. It is not for me to argue its justice or injustice. But the terms in which it customarily vents itself are too often questionable. There surely must be better arguments lying around somewhere; I myself, indeed, can think of some honeys, though I shall here cautiously keep them to myself.

A critic, for example, will be derogated because he is a "dapper dresser," like Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Chopin, and Disraeli; because he is self-assured and hence "pompous," like Talleyrand, Botticelli, and Wagner; or because he doesn't go to a barber frequently enough, like Andrew Jackson, General Grant, and Walt Whitman. He is discountenanced by ill-favored playwrights like Moss Hart who take to the radio to observe, acidly, that but one dramatic critic has ever written a successful play, to wit, William Archer and *The Green Goddess*, only to be informed to his embarrassment that among the large assortment who have written successful plays have been Robert de Flers, Franklin Fyles, Charles Hoyt (whose satirical comedies have clearly influenced some of Hart's plays), George Ade, Channing Pollock, St. John

Ervine, C. M. S. McLellan, Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, H. Granville-Barker, Victor Mapes, A. E. Thomas, Frederic Hatton, Harry B. Smith, Brander Matthews, Charlton Andrews, Thompson Buchanan, Augustin Daly, Paul Potter, Walter Browne, Charles Morgan, Hermann Bahr, Ashley Dukes, Edmond See, Harold Brighouse, Bronson Howard, and, along with a lot of others, G. B. Shaw.

If the critic pens sweet words about a pretty new young actress, even one of unmistakable talent, it will be said of him that he is a sentimental push-over when it comes to the fair sex. If he has no taste for cheap, soapbox propaganda in drama, it will be claimed against him that he knows nothing of what is going on in the world and that his interests are confined to the world of Broadway. If he reviews a succession of miserable plays exactly for what they are, he will be accused by their producer of conducting a vendetta against him, inspired by unstated but darkly implied motives. And if he by any chance rises to any eminence in his profession, the gossip columns will not let an opportunity pass to make him ridiculous in one way or another and to minimize what esteem people may conceivably have for him.

He is, in short, a black sheep — in a pack of jackasses.



HAROLD STASSEN MEETS THE PRESS

This forms the second contribution to the series dealing with the problems of the Republican party, inaugurated in the February issue with "Why the Republicans Lost," by Clarence Budington Kelland. Mr. Stassen hardly needs any introduction. He is now President of the University of Pennsylvania, was formerly governor of Minnesota, was a leading contender for the Republican nomination for President in 1944 and 1948, and still speaks for a large segment of his party. His remarks, which are slightly cut here, were broadcast over Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting Company, in association with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Mr. Stassen, included Arthur Sylvester of the Newark *Evening News*, Robert Riggs of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Phelps Adams of the New York *Sun*, and May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald*. Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*, presided.

ADAMS: Governor Stassen, in the light of what happened on election day, are you glad now that you didn't win the Republican nomination at Philadelphia?

STASSEN: No, of course not.

ADAMS: What I was getting at, Governor, is this: Do you think the Republicans would have won the Presidency if you had been the candidate?

STASSEN: Well, that's putting it another way. We felt confident that we did have the majority support of the people of the country for a program of true liberalism within the

Republican party, and I think the general indications in the primaries would bear that out.

ADAMS: Well, will your new job as the President of the University of Pennsylvania prevent you from engaging in politics?

STASSEN: Of course, my first responsibility will be to the University of Pennsylvania. We do have a very extensive program for developing a physical plant and for working with the faculty and the students of this great institution. But it does not mean that we are removed from public issues. As a matter of fact, this University was founded by Ben Franklin, and he was right in the midst of the most vital issues of his time. The tradition is here and the definite understanding, and of course I will participate in public affairs.

Riggs: Governor, you spoke of carrying on the fight for liberalism. There are a good many people who believe

the voters of the country convicted the Republican party of being illiberal by their decision in the election. In the last three campaigns the Republican nominees have spoken as liberals, but the party record, the people have said, is conservative. How do you expect to overcome that conservative stand by your party?

STASSEN: Of course, the immediate future is a matter of these next two years with the Democratic Congress and with President Truman. It will be my view that we should be a loyal opposition, seeking to follow up in those measures that the President and the Democratic majority propose, and that we feel are for the sound welfare of the people. And then in 1950 will come the next important point at which we will seek to back and nominate and elect new Republican congressmen with the more liberal approach to issues.

RIGGS: Do you feel, Governor, that if the Republicans in Congress do not support liberal measures put forward by the President they cannot hope to increase their standing in Congress two years from now?

STASSEN: Yes, I feel that.

SYLVESTER: Governor, do you think that your efforts along that line may have had an effect in causing the downfall of some of the less progressive and liberal members of your own party?

STASSEN: Well, quite the contrary. I think that we had built the party up in June to a point of really unusual

strength, and there's no question that large numbers of younger men and women and veterans were turning to the Republican party who had not been supporting it before. And it is also true of independent voters, and it showed in the states that had primaries, and in tests that were made on college campuses, and so forth. But it is clear now that between June and November that liberal support was lost. It either became disinterested and stayed home, which the small total vote would indicate, or it definitely turned away.

CRAIG: Governor, why did it turn away? Is it that the people did not believe the Republican party or the Republican Congress was truly liberal?

STASSEN: It was a matter of the issues as they saw them as they came to election day. I think it's quite significant that, for example, May Craig, up in your state of Maine, Senator Margaret Chase Smith won re-election by one of the greatest votes that a Republican has ever received. She I consider to be a true liberal and an outstanding one, and I think she gave a demonstration of the kind of vote the Republican party should have had throughout the nation this time, if they'd convinced the people of their sincerity on a true liberal approach. And of course that's true in other states. Senator Saltonstall in Massachusetts won a remarkable victory in the face of

the Massachusetts vote. Congressman Walter Judd in Minnesota was very strongly re-elected. You recall he made the presentation speech for my name at Philadelphia. And Governor Youngdahl, our governor, has been carrying through on what we consider to be sound liberalism in Minnesota. He was decisively re-elected, notwithstanding the Democratic sweep along the Mississippi River.

SYLVESTER: Governor, do you think the Republican party needs a change of issues or a change in leadership?

STASSEN: I think that we need now to rebuild the Republican party from the people on up. I think clearly this is the time to do it. I feel in this respect that it's the approach to issues that count. I think it should be pointed up in relationship to President Truman's program. I feel that we should do everything possible now to assist President Truman towards preventing a depression, because if he follows unsound economic policies, we're going to have a very serious depression during these next years. And it is our first responsibility to the people, as a loyal opposition party, to assist the President as he presents the program, to meet that danger, and with it, of course, the over-shadowing question of foreign policy.

SYLVESTER: By unsound policy, Governor, do you mean a continuation of the present Democratic policies or new Democratic policies?

STASSEN: Well, I mean that the measures he proposed in his campaign, if they were actually put into effect, would first of all so upset the Treasury that you would go on to another round of inflation boom that, it seems to me, would clearly be followed by a dislocation and a depression within a few years. On the contrary, if we can level off now and be careful and economical in our expenditure of funds, and fit the needs of the Marshall Plan and of reasonable armament to a healthy domestic situation, we should be able to come through without a depression. And I think, of course, that the objective of all true liberals should be to have this great free economy of ours function for the welfare of the people without a depression.

ADAMS: Governor, could you assist the President in preventing the depression without opposing the measures that he is going to present to Congress?

STASSEN: Well, what is he going to present?

ADAMS: Assuming that he presents the same things that he did a year ago — price controls, fast public expenditures for housing, health insurance, reclamation — well, there was a program of about \$40 billion.

STASSEN: If he presents that, then of course there does need to be opposition to them, because they are unsound. Constructive opposition. Take the matter of health. We do need a health program in this

country. We do need improvements in the facilities available to the people for their health, and for assisting them in paying the heavy bills that come down upon a family when there is a serious illness or accident. I feel strongly that we should devise a Republican program, and considerable progress on that was made in the last session. We should present it, and urge it as a substitute for the extreme measures that the President has proposed which would not only cost exorbitant sums but, in my judgment, would subordinate the medical profession to the government, and actually weaken our whole health approach in this country. That's a specific example. And, of course, in the matter of public improvements, I feel that if the President is proposing extreme expenditures in measures such as those he discussed in the campaign, and if he does not prepare a sound public improvement program to cushion the productivity of the country, then we can have a slight recession become a serious depression.

SPIVAK: Governor, what do you think is the one most important thing that has to be done within the Republican party to bring it back once again to a place in the hearts and minds of the American people?

STASSEN: I think it needs to be rebuilt in its organization from the people on up, and then to present continually a constructive opposition and a

really warm and humanitarian approach to the welfare of the people. The basis is there in many outstanding men and women who are now in the Republican offices and in Republican leadership. It's a matter of which point of view predominates.

ADAMS: I'd like to get back to this question of liberalism for a minute, if I could, in the Republican party. Now in the last three Presidential elections, we've had liberals as the candidate of the Republican party and they've been beaten. And the Democrats have accused them in each case of being "Me Too" candidates. Now, many of the more conservative Republicans believe that the time has come to nominate a conservative who will draw the issues clearly and present a real choice to the voters. What have you got to say about that?

STASSEN: I do not agree that the people defeated in these last elections had a liberal program as it was actually talked through. In other words, the issues did not get talked through to the people. I can fully understand that Governor Dewey thought that he could more ably unite the country in these critical world conditions if he did not go into issues in detail before an election which it seemed clear that he would win. That was a matter of judgment and decision on the part of him and his advisors, and I — It was emphasized that I fully understand that, but I do not feel you

can say that a liberal Republican program was presented to the people for decision. It takes more than one speech or one reference to present a program to the people. It takes a constant emphasis on an issue throughout a campaign. That clearly did not take place in either of the two last elections. And I say further that, as to this matter of whether a conservative approach would have fared better, look at the detailed returns in elections. I mean, who did win? Who bucked the tide? It is men like Senator Saltonstall and women like Senator Smith and Congressman Judd and Governor Youngdahl. And as a matter of fact, I believe that Senator Cooper came out 100,000 or more ahead of the ticket. He has a fine liberal record. He didn't win —

ADAMS: He also had the backing of the United Mine Workers.

STASSEN: Yes. He had a liberal record and he ran very well, whereas in other places, individuals with very conservative records ran behind the ticket.

ADAMS: Well, Governor, let me put it to you this way. What would you say is the real issue, as you see it, between the liberal Republicans that you represent and the present Democratic administration? Where do you differ on the major issues of today? Where's the choice that the voter has to face?

STASSEN: The major difference is that the approach of the Democratic ad-

ministration is to move to excessive government controls, to a power in Washington more extreme than is needed to meet a problem and that is in itself an evil. And with it a financial irresponsibility. I feel that the real liberal approach in the Republican party must be to meet problems of the prevention of depression, of the security of the people, of health and of homes; but to do it with a minimum of government action, leaving the freedom of decision and the initiative and the ingenuity there for the people of the country.

SPIVAK: Gentlemen, we've just got a few more moments. Let's keep our questions and answers as short as possible. Mr. Riggs.

RIGGS: Governor, you were first in the field as a Republican candidate for the 1948 nomination. Can we consider you as the first in the field for 1952?

STASSEN: By no means. We're going to concentrate on these issues and on our rôle as a loyal opposition, and build up candidates for the 1950 congressional races.

SYLVESTER: Governor, as you look at the figures in the last four elections, doesn't it appear that the Republicans have steadily lost ground, that they actually have not gained a single voter?

STASSEN: Well, of course, Wendell Willkie's vote was the highest popular vote that the Republican party has had in the last sixteen years.

SYLVESTER: That's what I meant. Then if you look at the vote since then, the difference between the two parties seems to be a constant. Even this year, if you credit to the Democrats the Dixiecrat vote and the Wallace vote, which your party didn't seem to have claimed at any time, it still seems that there's a constant between the two parties which you don't seem to be able to overcome.

STASSEN: Yes, but I don't think you can draw any conclusions from those national figures because they varied very much from one state to another and I think that the Republican party can lose or grow as the Democratic party can under the particular programs and issues and candidates.

CRAIG: Governor, I understood you to say that you had already been approached on the reconstruction

of the Republican party. Do you think that any of the Republican leaders are looking to you to lead the reconstruction?

STASSEN: Well, we've had, Miss Craig, a remarkable number of letters and telegrams since the election, from all over the country. As a matter of fact, this is a good chance to thank those that we haven't been able to answer. We will work together on it. It isn't a matter of anyone doing it individually. We had a tremendous amount of support and enthusiasm among the younger people and the veterans, including many in labor and in agriculture, and now the thing is to begin to build anew, on this basis of the people, a strong, forward-looking Republican party.

SPIVAK: I'm sorry. I thought we'd get another question in. I'm sorry Governor, but our time is up.

PHRASE ORIGINS—45

TO LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG: *At county fairs in old England, sucking-pigs were sold tied up in bags or "pokes" for the convenience of the buyer. This gave rise to the dishonest practice of substituting a cat for the succulent animal advertised by the concessionaire, and those unwary ones who bought a "pig in a poke" were often duped. Wise customers opened their parcels first, however, and frequently this "let the cat out of the bag."*

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

CASE STUDY OF GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

BY SAM SHULSKY

ANY socialist who yearns for the day when American industry will be nationalized can get a sneak preview in the Federal Office of Alien Property. The screen, to be sure, is a trifle limited. Perhaps only a billion dollars' worth of business in all is involved. But we get a clear enough picture of the confusion, the curious admixture of straight business and social reform, all wrapped up in long streamers of bureaucratic red tape and colored with the big gobs of departmental and personal ambition which attend government ventures into business.

Despite the best intentions of the office — and despite the admitted and very real abilities of its top personnel — the government's management of property seized during World War II proves once more (the same thing happened after World War I) the old adage that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." Whatever may be said against the basic principles of the private enterprise system, there can be no denying that they are consistent with one

another. There is a steadiness and purposefulness about their operations which government in business can never hope to approach.

Nor can those who argue that business efficiency and profits may well be sacrificed for democracy in business gain much comfort from the custodian's handling of seized, or vested properties. The record shows that government officials in control of corporations use their voting strength against minorities with all the contempt of a Commodore Vanderbilt or a Jay Gould. In fact, in the case of the OAP the crime is all the more glaring because the minority is composed not only of rightful owners of a share of the business, but of American citizens who pay the salaries of the men who tell them to "shut up and sit down." And if regulations and theories which this same government advances for the guidance of private industrialists are ignored or violated by the government men in running alien businesses, who is there to force a government man to be consistent?

The Office of Alien Property was

SAM SHULSKY, *assistant financial editor of International News Service, is a regular contributor to the MERCURY. His analysis of the RFC appeared in last December's issue.*

created in wartime and has been a shuttlecock in the battle of Washington practically all its life. Persons and departments have been fighting for its control ever since it became obvious that the country would have to take steps to protect itself economically as well as militarily. The Treasury Department began the operation in 1939 by blocking funds of persons or companies it suspected of siding with the Germans or Japanese. On the day after Pearl Harbor it posted agents at every known enemy-owned property in the country. Within a matter of days, thousands of items running from Japanese idols to copyrights on *Lili Marlene*, and from Puccini's music to a multi-million dollar German chemical company, fell into its hands.

Certainly no other government agency was ever faced with such confusion. To make matters worse, interdepartmental conflicts broke out just when the going was toughest. The Treasury felt it should continue as the custodian of alien property. The Department of Justice felt otherwise. The last custodian had been a member of that division. Furthermore, the Justice Department reasoned, this was the time to step in and break up the international cartels which had flourished since the end of World War I, and which had once proved so effective in undoing government efforts to keep important industries and patents from foreign governments and corporations. President Roosevelt finally compromised

the Morgenthau-Biddle tug of war for power and patronage by setting up the independent office of Alien Property Custodian, with Leo T. Crowley, of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, as its first boss. (As it was later learned, this was a defeat for the Justice Department. On December 5, 1941, two days before Pearl Harbor, an exchange of letters among the President, Biddle and Crowley had already settled on Crowley as head of an Alien Property division in the Justice Department. He was scheduled for swearing in on December 10. But the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor changed all that. Crowley, well versed in intra-Washington politics, realized at once that this was an ill-wind which would blow some good. He sat on the sidelines for three months while Treasury and Justice fought each other, and finally emerged as boss of his own independent unit.)

II

Crowley, who took over in the spring of 1942, had a big job to do. In addition to the General Aniline and Film Corporation, and musical copyrights, he found himself in control of such variegated items as more than 400 corporations, including a 39 per cent interest in a chop suey joint; 53,000 patents, 70,000 acres of farm land; 500,000 chinchona trees; and the royalties to both Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* and Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Crowley had to find businessmen to head up all these

various enterprises. If he chose friends, and friends of friends, prominently identified with him in the Victor Emanuel empire in utilities and airplanes, who could blame him? He needed a lot of men, in a hurry. But what is less easily understood is why, with so many places to fill, Crowley had to make practically a clean sweep of the top officers of General Aniline — to mention one case — who only a few months before had been named to their posts by the government. The team, headed by Robert E. McConnell, a mining engineer, had been credited with doing better than a passing job with GAF in its brief tenure of office. The only explanation is that McConnell and his crew were unfortunate enough to have been appointed by Treasury Secretary Morgenthau only a short time before the pendulum of alien property power and patronage swung to Crowley. And while salaries of operators of vested properties were not high by private industry standards they were at least several times the \$10,000 and \$15,000 being paid by government for top bureau jobs. Out went McConnell and his directors; in came the Crowley team headed by George W. Burpee, of the engineering firm of Coverdale & Colpitts, and including Neal Dow Becker, William H. Coverdale, Albert N. Williams, Louis Johnson, John D. Hertz, Thomas O'Hara and George E. Allen. Most of these men were able enough businessmen, but they were all "brothers" or, at least, "first cousins" of Crowley and

his Emanuel industrial and banking relationships. If anyone bothered to ask the Securities and Exchange Commission or the Department of Justice about this solid front of interlocking directorships, neither of these bureaus has reported the fact. The same held true when James E. Markham, Crowley's protégé and an avowed admirer of Emanuel, became Alien Property Custodian. Nor has anything been said about it in the five years since, during which time political armies have marched in and out of the GAF offices, practically en masse. In the ten years since 1939 — the last year Aniline might be said to have been an independent company — no less than 52 persons have served as directors of this corporation. The last change, which coincided with the transfer of alien property to the Department of Justice, saw Jack Frye, an old-time friend of Attorney-General Tom Clark, ushered directly from the cockpit of TWA, where he had come out second-best in a tiff with Boss Howard Hughes, to the top spot of the big film and chemical concern. At the same time the Crowley influence began to wane. And talk in Wall Street was that Emanuel was no longer interested in acquiring General Aniline from the government anyway.

The results of the politically-inspired kicking around suffered by Aniline have been obvious. The chemical industry shakes its head sadly when it talks of the low state to which GAF's research staff and facili-

ties have sunk while Washington bureaus have fought for control. And the balance sheet is no less outspoken in its condemnation of politics in business. Though GAF naturally shared in the flood of government orders which dominated the chemical industry's affairs during the war, its annual income has actually declined slightly since the government first began to interfere, while those of two competitors in the same fields of chemicals and film — duPont and Eastman Kodak — have more than doubled. GAF, with a business volume of \$28 million in 1939 and rising to \$75 million in 1947, saw its profits drop from \$4.4 million to \$3.3 million. Meanwhile, Kodak, rising in volume from \$123 million to \$351 million, advanced its profits from \$17 million to \$43 million and duPont's net went from \$50 million to \$120 million.

Neither patronage nor confusion were restricted to the big industries vested by the government. E. Leitz Inc., the American branch of the Leica camera manufacturers, was also seized. The Treasury named its first boss, but even this relatively small concern was not overlooked when APC became independent. John Slacks, a protégé of Crowley's friend, Jesse Jones, came in as president. But last year, with Crowley already out of the APC office, Jesse Jones chose to endorse the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Slacks got the heave-ho and a Department of Justice man took over. Even the three American

citizens, long-time employes of Leitz, who had bought stock control before the war, were then cased out. The government had contended all along that their purchase was a "cloaking" operation, but it had nevertheless allowed the three to operate the plant all through the war and to turn out top-secret high-precision instruments for submarines and airplanes.

III

What happens to government rules of conduct for Big Business when government itself becomes Big Business? The case of American Bemberg and North American Rayon corporations, two allied textile companies, is illuminating.

For years the government's Securities and Exchange Commission had looked with favor on, and even urged, minority representation on boards of directors. And to make it possible, democratically, it has endorsed the slightly gerrymanderish device of "cumulative voting." This means that minority stockholders, instead of casting one vote per share for each of the (say) twelve directors put up by the controlling group, can throw a total of twelve votes per share toward the election of *one* director of their own choice. Where boards are large and the minority interest is united behind a single man, the common people have succeeded in electing their representatives to the board of directors. But the Alien Property Custodian would have none of it. At annual meetings of American Bem-

berg and North American Rayon, the minority interest in both companies, running to around 40 per cent, repeatedly begged for a change in the charter which would give them the right to elect at least one man outside the APC's office as a director. The government men refused. They insisted that they would not make any changes in the charter which might prove a condition against getting the highest possible price in any sale of the companies. In other words, they said, if a rugged individualist of the old corporate school turned out to be the successful bidder for the companies, this radical, this New Dealish, this social reforming government of ours would not want him to feel that it prejudiced his future conduct of the companies by giving the minorities a voice in their affairs.

This concern for preserving the salability of the property, however, did not quite extend to keeping its balance sheet as healthy and sleek as it might be. The government bosses blithely took a few million in earnings out of the companies' income for last year by refusing to permit them to raise their rayon prices along with the rest of the industry. American Bemberg and North American Rayon, the APC directors said, must serve as a good example for the remaining 95 per cent of the rayon business by not raising prices and unpatriotically making a lot of money. And so at the start of last year, when other producers lifted quotations 10 per cent, these two firms were forced

to hold to the old price until well towards the end of the year — until, in fact, the textile industry was well along in its conversion from a seller's to a buyer's market. No one will ever know what the eventual buyers of these two companies knocked off their bids for the millions in reserve cash that were thus lost to their treasuries. But the government's arbitrary and inconsistent conduct was sufficient to cause a blue-ribbon directorate to resign en masse and give way to a board made up wholly of APC men.

In resigning, the old board posed some questions which might well be asked of the APC in the conduct of all its properties — in fact, of all government officials who take part in the management of firms in which public ownership is also involved. For example: How can a government employee legally or morally serve two masters by sitting on a board of directors of a government-controlled corporation as a representative of a government bureau, and at the same time fulfill the duties of a director sworn to protect the interests of all stockholders, small as well as large? The answer is, of course, that he can't.

The directors resigning from American Bemberg and North American Rayon pointed out that the director of alien property had also announced that he did "not intend to sell the companies to anyone likely to ignore certain price and other business restrictions which he [wished] to have complied with." This is an attempt at extending government planning into

corporate activities even after the government's interest has ceased. It hardly squares with the APC's refusal to grant minority representation on the board for fear of offending a future buyer.

IV

What the APC did manage to accomplish by its arbitrary and inconsistent management of these two rayon companies was to create confusion in the minds of potential buyers, so that bids running anywhere from \$12 million to \$17 million were submitted when the companies were finally put up for sale.

More than 100 corporations seized from aliens now remain in government hands. In addition there are thousands of trust funds, bank accounts, copyrights and patents. It will all take years to clear up.

Disposition of these properties, like their operation, can be expected to turn up many contradictions. For the Washington lines of force are confusing, and inconsistencies will continue in the future as they have in the past.

Nor will expediency be unknown where the Attorney-General's office is not too sure of its ground. Thus when General Aniline and its chief sales agent, General Dyestuffs, were seized, the government decided to pay some owners of the Dyestuffs stock more than half a million dollars rather than go to court over the question of whether the seizure was legal. But the question will not down. Was the seizure legal? If so, why the payment? If not, where does the alien property law give the government the right to acquire securities with the public's money?

It took the government two decades to clear up the alien property mess after the last war. This time the value of the property vested, and the number of different items involved, are many times greater. This time, too, government operation is heavily loaded with attempts at economic experiment and social reform.

It will take a long peace, indeed, to get the job done, within or without the framework of private business as we know it today.



D. W. GRIFFITH AND THE MOVIES

BY SEYMOUR STERN

Remember David Wark Griffith; every time you go to the cinema, you enjoy, in some indirect but plainly traceable form, the fruits of his labors; to us who are endeavoring to explore new territories and to carry on his torch, he is the honored Head of our profession.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

THE grave of D. W. Griffith on Mount Tabor, near La Grange, Kentucky, lies apart from the rest of the cemetery, a few feet from the path which leads up a slope to the door of a little white Methodist Church at the crest. Other departed members of the family lie buried further up the hill in the church graveyard. Beyond the cemetery runs an old country road; beyond the road, the countryside fans out surprisingly, clear to the horizon, in a rolling panorama of farms, fields and forests. The lone grave sets like a jewel in a velvet box in the enfolding landscape of blue-green verdure: it seems a natural shrine. It should, and no doubt in due time it will, be made into a national shrine. The blue grass and the soft air fill the stranger with nostalgia; the scene itself conjures up an image

of rural antiquity, like a curious surviving remnant of something that existed far away and long ago. Almost at sight, as the vista leads the eye across the earth, it produces in the inward eye of memory one of those exquisite outdoor vignettes from Griffith's pastoral films, such as *True Heart Suzie* or *A Romance of Happy Valley*, or perhaps it recalls the melancholy New England landscapes, like cinematic etchings, from *Way Down East*, the beauty and pathos of which long ago vanished from the screens of the world. The setting perfectly becomes the dead man. For here, on January 23, 1875, about one mile from the spot which holds his remains, the father of the motion picture was born.

Who, in reality, was David Wark Griffith?

When he died in Hollywood on July 23 last, at the age of 73, the American press from coast to coast published concerning his career a welter of dates, names, facts, figures and astronomical statistics, which made millions of readers, especially among the younger generation, rub

SEYMOUR STERN, who knew Griffith well for 25 years, and who wrote *The Griffith Index*, is now completing an authorized biography of the director. He has written on films for the *New York Times* and lectured on film history at the University of Southern California.

their eyes with some astonishment.

The older folk were reminded, and the younger ones were informed, that the name of David Wark Griffith is synonymous with the "father of film art" and the "king of directors"; that Griffith was the creative giant of the screen who had produced and directed 484 films, which had grossed over \$80 million, and one of whose films, alone, *The Birth of a Nation* (1915), has grossed to date — it is still running — over \$48 million, the largest single gross achieved by any one film since the movies began; that in some 23 years of picture-making, he had employed upwards of 75,000 persons, and that he had discovered, trained, launched, and profoundly influenced, so many other film directors, both here and abroad, and so many "stars," that merely to list them would be to compile a virtual telephone directory of Who's Who in Hollywood, Today and Yesterday.

And millions of younger moviegoers, who had perhaps never seen any of his films, recalled at least having heard of him as the "triumphant Columbus of the screen" (to quote the *New York Times*) who had created the first cinematic masterpiece, *The Birth of a Nation*, the world's most controversial and most famous motion picture, and the film with which the cinema is universally considered to have begun as the art and the medium which we know today.

Yet it must be evident even to the multitude of the younger film "fans" who have not seen Griffith's films, but

who may have heard of this one, that the mightiest name in movie annals does not rest on this alone: that Griffith, unlike Erich von Stroheim, who created the screen classic, *Greed*, and whom Griffith discovered, is not just a one-film director, a mere historic director-producer, whose work belongs to the past. Obviously, there is more to Griffith than this.

II

What, precisely, is meant by "father of the motion picture"? Why is he the father, and of what does fatherhood in this instance consist?

First, in order to focus Griffith in his proper perspective, it is necessary to recognize one central and essential fact: namely, that the motion picture is America's peculiar art. The film is the one art, the one medium of expression, which this civilization does *not* owe to any of the older civilizations. It is the one art born and bred not only of the Machine Age, but, in particular, of the American democracy. Its roots are not entwined in royalty, the Church or feudal culture; and, at least until the cultural dictatorship and financial monopoly of Hollywood strangled it, it did not speak for the æsthetic and ideological views of a ruling minority. As Gilbert Seldes phrased it in the title of one of his books, "The movies come from America."

Now, if this is true, and many students believe it is, and if it is also true that Griffith, as Iris Barry aptly put it, is the "undisputed master of the

motion picture," then it follows that Griffith is our one really important national and native artist.

The story of Griffith is typically American. He took hold of the movies when they were still in the nickelodeon stage, still known as the "flickers," and were being shown, as an early critic described it, at the "tag-end of vaudeville shows." Griffith transformed the primitive screen into an art, a medium of expression, a weapon of propaganda, a universal force. His fantastically prolific output before he even hit his stride — that is, before he made *The Birth of a Nation*, is in itself a veritable pyramid of production, consisting of over 400 films, of which about 50 were of feature length. This one-man outpouring paced the new industry and laid the foundations of the film as an art. It stands as a permanent example of what can be done by a film director who works eighteen hours daily, seven days a week, and goes for seven years without a vacation.

The multitude of his advanced methods, cinematic discoveries, and technical innovations and inventions, which he often made against the protest of that competent but essentially mechanic-minded and uncreative cameraman, G. W. Bitzer, and which have long become the established basis of film technique, include the long shot, the vista, the vignette, the iris or eye-opener effect, the cameo-profile, the panel effect, the fade-in and fade-out, soft focus, back lighting, tinting, frame-cutting,

parallel action, mist photography, high and low angle shots, night photography, and the moving camera. Charles Chaplin on the occasion of the master's death summarized the paternal impact and influence of this immense act of creation in the statement: "The whole industry owes its experience to Mr. Griffith."

Then came *The Birth of a Nation*. Nothing in Griffith's career can be understood except in terms of the meaning of this film.

Cecil B. De Mille has recently stated that Griffith's masterpiece "burst upon the world with atomic force." This gigantic spectacle of the American Civil War and the Reconstruction Period in the South strode like a giant onto the American scene; challenged the regular theatre to its foundations; and took the nation by storm. This was the first film for which a \$2 admission price was charged; the first film released in twelve reels — in its complete, original, uncensored form, it required two hours and 45 minutes in actual running-time to be shown; and the first to be presented with an accompanying symphony orchestra. A musical score, played by an orchestra of 40 pieces, was assembled by Joseph Carl Breil and Griffith to heighten the action, and contributed much toward whipping audiences into an emotional frenzy.

The success of the film was phenomenal. It ran at \$2 prices for 44 consecutive weeks, in 1915, at the new, 2000-seat Liberty Theatre, in New York City, then one of the finest

theatres in the country. It created a sensation so tremendous among both the public and the critics that devotees of the stage feared that the older medium, which was already in an advanced state of decay, might be destroyed by the challenge and impact of the powerful new art — the mass-art of the twentieth century. The magnitude of the production doomed the New York Hippodrome as the home and symbol of spectacle.

Privately financed at a cost of \$110,000 (five times more than the cost of any other film made up to this time), it was directed, produced and exhibited by Griffith in complete independence of the Hollywood film "industry," the first monument to free enterprise in the new medium. By the end of the first two years of its career, it had created 25 million new moviegoers — 25 million spectators for whom *The Birth of a Nation* was the first movie. All attendance records of the so-called legitimate theatre were wiped out overnight. Griffith with this film, even had he never made another, forever endowed the motion picture with dignity, power, stature and universality. He proclaimed in the advertisements that the appearance of his mighty epic "marks the dawn of a new epoch in the theatres of the world." The advertisements did not lie.

III

Indeed, he challenged the stage to its foundations. With *Intolerance* (1916), the world's largest film, which fol-

lowed its famous predecessor like a second tidal wave, he broadened and deepened the challenge. This is the essence of his achievement: that he did not try to mix arts; he did not try to ape the stage, literature, painting, or any other art. From his own previous experience as an actor in the mauve theatre of the period, he had learned much of the technique of stagecraft and, incidentally, he also learned much about American rural audiences. Whatever in his films carried over from the theatre was poor; whatever was native in them to the cinema proved its worth in artistic and real gold. He knew that the cinema had to be, first and foremost, itself.

Let it be long remembered that Griffith rose to greatness and proved his genius in ratio to his departure from the formulae of both the theatre and "entertainment" as an ideal. He either filmed subjects which could not be done with equal effectiveness in non-cinematic media, or else, when he did adapt literary subject-matter, such as Shakespeare's plays, Dickens' novels, and Poe's stories, which he first brought to the screen, he filmed it in terms native to the screen, releasing it from its own original mode of expression and transforming it into pure cinema. Through a multitude of films, which include at least eight of the most important movies ever made, he demonstrated for all time that the screen, notwithstanding its ability to use human players as an element of imagery, more nearly resembles, on the dynamic side, music (continuity

and image-relationships or *montage*), and on the visual side, photography (camerawork, composition, and lighting) than it does any of the other arts. He destroyed the lantern-slide technique of film-making along with the photographed-stageplay method, when he created the dynamic and organic relationships between moving images, or what his disciples among the Russian film-masters, Eisenstein and Pudovkin, in 1925 termed *montage*. This is the Griffithean basis and conception of the new art of the moving picture, an art so generically American in essence, form and origin, that an early critic, upon seeing *The Birth of a Nation* in 1915, was impelled to exclaim: "One feels like paying homage, not only to the man himself, but to American art as well, of which he is a magnificent exponent. . . . What could the stage give to rival this? What the novel? What the poem?"

All this adds up to one thing: a new art created by one man. By an odd stroke of history, he came at the beginning instead of later in the medium's development. Other media offer no parallel to this phenomenon. For example, in literature, before Shakespeare there was Cervantes; before Cervantes there was Dante; before Dante there were the Greek playwrights and poets. But what was there in the cinema before Griffith? A few trick shots, invented by the Frenchman, George Melies? A few 500-foot trailers, produced by Edwin S. Porter, chiefly at the insistence of

the Edison Company, and devoid of either cinematic technique or important content? The childish comedies of the Russo-German, Skladanowsky? Before Griffith, the fact is, there was nothing. Griffith was the real beginning of the motion picture, owing so little to the few men who preceded him that their very names have been all but forgotten.

IV

The technical revolution wrought by him, however, is only a small part of the story. For it is as a creator of significant content in the films themselves, aside from their technique, that Griffith is a mighty force in the cinema. Even before *The Birth of a Nation* appeared he had exercised his bold conception of the exalted purpose which the medium might serve. Long before the names of Sergei Eisenstein of Russia, Fritz Lang of Germany, Alfred Hitchcock of England, and Frank Capra of Hollywood, were heard of, Griffith brought to the screen important historical and philosophical themes, challenging social questions, visionary prophecies. His films were dramatic, emotional, aesthetic, intellectual and poetic. The varied and vast subject-matter ranges from World War I (*Hearts of the World*, 1918) to the French Revolution (*Orphans of the Storm*, 1922); from slum problems and eugenics in modern America (*Musketeers of Pig Alley*, 1912; *The Escape*, 1914) to the folk-film (*Way Down East*, 1920); and from the Civil War to Chinese-

white race relations (*Broken Blossoms*, 1919). *Intolerance* as a prime mover of history was one of his favorite themes, stemming as it did from his public criticism of what he contemptuously termed "America's favorite sins of hate, hypocrisy, and intolerance." (In his films he also included "self-righteousness.") He based what many critics consider the screen's greatest film, and certainly his own most original conception, upon it: the philosophical spectacle, *Intolerance*. In this colossal, three-and-a-half hour "Sun Play of the Ages," as he sub-titled it, with its four parallel stories, its stupendous re-creation of the Ancient World, and its vast apocalyptic image-prophecy of the coming of the millennium, Griffith never forgot the underlying and unifying idea. The thematic concept ruthlessly dominates the formal. Overwhelming as the execution is, the point is never forgotten; it is hammered home with every scene, every cut. *Intolerance* remains to this day the supreme example of what can be done with architecture and masses of people on the screen. The screen's one monumental super-production, it is in all probability the unacknowledged inspiration and source of Cecil B. De Mille's lesser and imitative spectacles down the years; but it also stands as the fountainhead of Eisenstein's conception of the "intellectual cinema."

A summary estimate of this key-film was made on the occasion of its thirtieth anniversary by Theodore

Huff, professor of film history at the City College of New York:

Intolerance is the greatest motion picture ever produced. In its original form, and properly presented, it is a masterpiece of creative conception and execution, which ranks with such works of art as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Rubens' *Descent from the Cross*, Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, the sculptures of the Parthenon, or with works of literature such as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the poetry of Walt Whitman, Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*, or Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

In short, here was a Titan not only of energy and imagination and technique, but of concepts and ideas and thought. Griffith was no mere namby-pamby "poet-in-celluloid," as the pink-and-lavendar school of film critics in Hollywood and elsewhere have tried to make out. While no one familiar with his work will dispute that he had much of the poet in him, and transmitted poetry to the screen, as in his lyric masterpieces — *Broken Blossoms*, *The Idol Dancer* (1920), *Dream Street* (1921), and *The White Rose* (1923), it is the epic, the spectacle, and the theme-film, that predominate in the treasury of his repertoire. These most clearly reveal his forte and his mind, both as an artist and as a being. The caricature of Griffith as a "poet-in-celluloid" has in recent years created a grotesque misconception of the genius of the world's foremost film director. Oscar Serlin, the theatrical producer, who knew Griffith and his work as well as anybody, shortly after the director's death, commented on this in a letter

to me, and gave a definitive statement of the essence of Griffith's genius:

Merely to call Griffith a filmic poet is to be effete and sadly unperceptive. He was a Titan who thought only in totality. His originality of technique and of subject-matter is perhaps unprecedented in artistic history. Every director since the beginning of the medium has been able to filch some segment of his additive imagery. No one but Griffith succeeded in rewarding his audiences emotionally with such universality and scope.

Serlin hit the nail on the head. For Griffith emerges in post-mortem perspective as a creative force distinguished, first, for his ideas; second, for his conception of the use of the medium; and third, for his exploitation of pure, un-intellectualized emotion on the screen. These traits are the key to his genius and the source of his power. They are of far greater significance than the number of "stars" he created or the directors he trained. They are also the basis of his arrogant, unyielding demand for independence. It is no mere accident, but a consistent and organic aspect of his creative work that Griffith fought censorship, monopoly, and the supreme curse of our time: cultural dictatorship.

Simultaneously with the initial release of *Intolerance* in 1916, he embarked on a nation-wide campaign to combat pending legislation throughout the country against motion pictures. Referring to the screen as the "pictorial press," he scored at least

one notable victory in behalf of a free screen. This occurred in Virginia, where he appeared before the state legislature. A drastic censorship bill, sponsored by religious fanatics and designed to gag the screen on the plea of "decency" (sic), was up for vote. Denouncing the censors in an impassioned speech as bigots and psychopaths, he made the classic statement that censorship requires the same type of mind that passes equally on the "fitness of a pig's carcass and a film." He attacked the "forces of intolerance," among which he included the "moralistic blue-nose reformers" and, by implication, the church. Censorship he depicted before the senators as a "weapon of autocracy," which he stated had "originated in Germany and reached its height in Russia."

He also affirmed the belief that the "American people will no more allow tyranny of thought than they will physical tyranny." In this latter idea, he appears, alas, to have been somewhat mistaken, as he later realized, but the eloquence and emotional impact of the idea and of the speech triumphed: the bill was overwhelmingly defeated. Griffith was hailed by the "industry" and the more advanced sections of the public as the authentic voice of a free screen in America.

While the "industry" leaders acclaimed him for thus opening a new frontier of profit to them, Griffith also warned the public that the "autocrats" above us, referring to the

same leaders, were beginning in their own way to destroy creative freedom in the movies as effectively as the censors were doing in theirs. This could only lead, he warned, to an emasculated and unwholesome screen. Back in 1916, he could not foresee that a day would come when censorship and the monopoly would join forces with the church (on the plea of "safeguarding our youth") to keep the screen creatively sterile and intellectually moronic.

v

But Griffith fought his biggest and most prolonged bout with the would-be cultural dictators of the Left — the new generation of Marxist film critics and self-styled film "historians" at whose hands he suffered the most devastating criticism of his career.

The Marxist attack began "officially" in 1940, on the eve of a prospective twenty-fifth anniversary revival of *The Birth of a Nation*, in New York City. The Communists anticipated the event with screaming press headlines: "25 Years Ago *The Birth of a Nation* Aided Jingoists in War Propaganda — Producer of Film, Son of Confederate Colonel of Civil War," and went on to brand *The Birth of a Nation* as

... unquestionably the most vicious attack the producers of the silent film era perpetrated on the Negro people. Pandering to the basest instincts of the most backward elements, the film added tremendously to the confusion of the time. Rooted in race prejudice, it helped create

a basis for war propaganda . . . produced and directed by David Wark Griffith whose name has come down as the "father of motion pictures." His name has also come down as the father of a vicious motion picture that had a great deal to do with the increase of lynching in 1915. In the year of the film, lynching reached the highest peak since 1908. Griffith's name will never outlive that bloody stain. . . . There are rape scenes that are an open invitation to race riots and lynchings . . . a public nuisance . . . a despicable film . . . a menace to life and limb. . . .

Thus wrote David Platt, one of the leading Marxist film critics and motion picture editor of the *Daily Worker*, in that paper's issue of February 22, 1940. Heralded by the blast, Communist pressure upon motion picture projectionists in New York City caused the abandonment of the twenty-fifth anniversary revival.

Similar attacks appeared last year in England during a British revival of *The Birth of a Nation*, when Marxist critics again charged Griffith with projecting "racial hatred." Griffith on the occasion of Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1947, a year and a half before he died, issued a final statement on the age-old controversy. The statement appeared in the form of a letter to the editors of *Sight & Sound*, official publication of the British Film Institute and the leading British film trade journal. He refuted point by point the Marxist accusations; disavowed prejudice against the Negroes or any other race, recalling that he had himself been raised by a lovable old Negro woman; and reaffirmed the documented authenticity of his pic-

turization of the events and policies of the Reconstruction Period. He categorically refused to apologize for the film.

However, it cannot be denied that the effect of *The Birth of a Nation* on Negro-white relations was prolonged, and was damaging in the extreme. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People waged a brave and memorable fight against the film, whenever and wherever it was publicly shown.

But the Communist warfare against Griffith has not been confined to attacks upon *The Birth of a Nation*. A whole school of film criticism, of far-reaching influence and with many exponents, has risen, devoted to the cause of attacking Griffith and endeavoring to undermine his position in American culture and film history. The Marxist critique is generally characterized by either ignorance or half-knowledge of the subject, combined with bitter denunciation and jeering, savage contempt. The contempt is largely aimed at his alleged "Victorian sentiments" and "nineteenth-century attitudes" (whatever this means); his "moral outlook," "romantic values," "poetic ideals," "love of poetry in the Victorian manner," "inherent sentimentality," "racial intolerance," "Victorian lyricism," and various other tendencies, real or fancied. Basically, the aim of the Marxist critique is to guide the younger generation of filmgoers and film students away from Griffith's vast and persuasive body of artwork,

which stands in challenging and diametric opposition to contemporary Marxist-Stalinist ideological values.

The Communist attack hit an all-time low when the legend was spun that Griffith had gone down because he was "no longer able to move with the times," that he had "lost his interest in films . . . his passion for the movies." We know how baseless is this opinion. He never lost his passion for films, and as Bosley Crowther noted in his obituary article in the *New York Times*, Griffith "certainly had the capacity for development and change." The problem for him was never one of mere change for the sake of change, or of merely "moving with the times"; rather, it was a problem of how to do this and yet keep his integrity — and his identity. For the "times," cinematically speaking, already beginning in the mid-twenties, were increasingly dominated, on the one hand, by Hollywood and commercialism, and on the other hand, by Marxism and so-called "social realism" or, in a word, "anti-Victorianism." The animosity of Griffith's critics was matched only by their confusion. Lacking integrity, they never understood his attempt to maintain his integrity in the face of changing conditions. They condemned him for "moral inflexibility." On the one hand, they complained that Griffith was failing to "keep pace" with the mob; on the other hand, they protested, often in the same article or book, that he had "gone Hollywood" or was becoming "just like the rest."

They knew not and know not the subject, and apparently they were and still are unaware of their own contradictions. Most of the critics, long before Griffith had ceased making films, were no longer capable of thinking. However, they alienated him from the public — and temporarily, it may be added, from the cinema.

Notwithstanding these assaults over a ten-year period, the future of his name, the influence of his work, and the significance of his achievement, have never seemed more solidly assured of perpetuity than they are today. His life and work are the triumph of a peculiarly American genius in an American medium. The nature of his background guarantees authenticity. Born in Kentucky, the son of a Southern family, he absorbed tales and legends of the War of the Rebellion, and imbibed from his cradle, virtually in the ashes of the Confederacy, the most cherished and persistent of all the legends of the American people, the tragic story of the Old South.

At the same time, he received a liberal taste of the best that had been transmitted from the culture of the Old World into the intellectual life of the New. At the height of his fame, in 1923, he wrote:

Whatever of trust and beauty is discernible by a generous public in my eager output, I trace to a country boy used to hearing Keats and Tennyson and Shakespeare read at home. . . . There were hours of sheer beauty. There were evenings spent beside the fireplace when my father, a brigadier-general of the Civil War, whom neighbors and the men of his company

called "Thunder Jake," read the world's greatest poets and dramatists. Unconsciously, I was learning then what consciously now I know, that the root and spring of beauty are in worthy sentiment.

As a matter of fact, his education, although informal and rambling, was far less limited than has been generally supposed. It was with exact truth and justifiable pride that he could claim, as he did four months before his death in the now famous interview with Ezra Goodman, in *PM*, that he was probably the only creative figure "on stage or screen who knew Plato and the Vedic hymn and the Talmud, too."

He left few and incomplete accounts of his life, and his one and only attempt at autobiography is described in his own words, as follows:

D. W. Griffith and the Wolf — that's my autobiography — it's lousy. I stopped writing it after eighty or ninety pages, and I don't know where it is now. "The Wolf" is poverty. (*PM*, March 28, 1948.)

On the whole, his life was extraordinarily successful. His healthy enjoyment of life and sex testifies to a measure of simple animal happiness. Although he was in moderate circumstances when he died, leaving an estate currently estimated at between \$35,000 and \$50,000 he had known great wealth in the high noon of his career. *The Birth of a Nation* alone netted him over \$1 million in the first year of its release. But it must be said to his everlasting credit that he had no respect for wealth as a thing in itself: as fast as money accrued to him, he poured it back into

his productions. Thus he took chances which no other creative film director, with the possible exception of Chaplin, has been able or willing to take. Griffith's story is for this reason and in this sense, as I have indicated, the story of a giant of free enterprise struggling against monopoly. And as America changed from a free-enterprise to a monopoly system, the struggle became rough and the chances of any one individual's winning it became virtually non-existent.

After *Isn't Life Wonderful?* (1924), the creative decline of Griffith, signalized by his affiliation with Paramount, began. His last really big film was *America*, a mastodonic, 14-reel epic of the American Revolution, filmed throughout 1923 and early 1924 at his private studios at Mamaronck, N. Y., 3,000 miles removed from the American film capital. It was a brave and titanic attempt by one man to compete against the massed forces of an entire industry: 13,000 people were used in the film, which was released on the eve of Washington's birthday, 1924, as a \$2 production. Its relative failure at the box-office, due to a variety of causes, was the beginning of the end for Griffith. Although he continued making films for eight more years, none of his later output, except perhaps for certain sequences in *Abraham Lincoln* (1930), reflects further of the experimental daring that projected the phantasmagoria and subjective imagery of the murderer's guilt, in *The Avenging Conscience*; the greatness and origi-

inality of mind that conceived Belshazzar's Feast, in *Intolerance*; the imagination that fashioned the ride of the Klansmen, in *The Birth of a Nation*; or of the cinematic wizardry that frame-cut Paul Revere's ride, and vignetted the battle of Bunker Hill as seen through the eyes of two school-boys, crouched at the porthole of a ship in Boston harbor, in *America*. Griffith's films from 1925 to 1931 became increasingly "industry" films, reflecting rather the standardization of culturally and financially controlled Hollywood than the individuality of creative, free-enterprise production. In the long war between creative freedom and standardization, the latter, representing mediocrity and money, won. This was at once the tragedy of Griffith and the crime of the entire entertainment-seeking public.

He directed his final film, entitled with appropriate and unconscious irony, *The Struggle*, in 1931, and promptly upon its failure, entered a sixteen-year period of retirement, which lasted until his death in July 1948. Yet even during this prolonged ordeal of inactivity, he never lost his interest in films. One of the most penetrating and perceptive criticisms ever made of the movies came in the interview with Ezra Goodman:

What the modern movie lacks is beauty — the beauty of moving wind in the trees, the little movement in a beautiful blowing on the trees' blossoms. This they have forgotten entirely. They have forgotten that no still painting — not the greatest ever was anything but a pallid still picture. But the moving picture! Today they have

forgotten movement in the moving picture — it is all stale and still. The moving picture is beautiful, the moving of wind on trees is more beautiful than a painting. Too much today depends on the voice. I love talking pictures properly done. . . . We have taken beauty and exchanged it for stilted voices.

"In my arrogant belief," added Griffith, "we have lost beauty."

Such were the "Victorian sentiments" of the man who had "lost his passion for the movies."

Yet his creative energies were not dead, and only a month before he died, he still dreamed and talked of producing the "one last film." This was to be, from vague indications, the 72-reel super-production, which he had envisioned and publicly announced in 1922, the allegorical "world-epic," as he called it, *Christ and Napoleon*, an amplified sequel to *Intolerance*, wherein he planned to attack "capitalism, militarism, and all forms of tyranny through the ages." He had told newsmen then that the film would cost \$5 million to produce; that it would employ 50,000 "extras", that it would run two days, about seven hours each; and that it would be shown at \$5 per seat. (Five-dollar seats for a movie were first sold at the New York première of *Way Down East*, in 1920.) Already, however, the "industry" was falling under rigid cultural control, and as the minority of creative directors were more and more whipped into submission, the tide turned against him and this most ambitious of all film-projects went unrealized.

I asked Griffith last June how and where he thought he could make a film of such dimensions today, and where he thought he could get 50,000 "extras" to work in it. The answer surprised me: he said he would go to Asia. He had never made a film there, and the idea fired him. I am not sure he really believed before he died that there was no chance of ever realizing this — at least, not in his time.

Today, in re-evaluating Griffith, we need no longer think of him as belonging to the past. If Hollywood's belated and almost religious adulation of him,¹ now that he is not here to enjoy it, leaves a bitter taste in the mouth, there is an antidote for it — one which the father of the motion picture, himself, on the eve of the première of *Orphans of the Storm*, in 1922, uttered with all the passion and warmth of his rich, famous booming voice:

"Yesterday," he said, "was the day of the warrior. Today is the day of the capitalist. Tomorrow will be the day of the thinker."

It is to the cinema of tomorrow that this mighty king of the "realms of Image," to use Goethe's phrase, really belongs. And it is from his shrine-like grave, perhaps, that we shall seek inspiration for tomorrow's cinema.

For when Griffith was buried, a once living embodiment of the apocalypse went into the earth with him.

¹ The only nightmarish prospect which the future of Griffith's name faces is the possibility that Hollywood may make a film based on his life and career, along the lines of "biographical" trash like *The Jolson Story* or "historical" rubbish like *Joan of Arc*.

Lengthening His Waistline . . . Shortening His Life-Line



Like one out of every four people in our country today, this man weighs more than he should.

If he loses those excess pounds—brings his weight down to normal and *keeps it there*—he will look and feel better. Furthermore, *he will probably live longer*. Statistics show that if weight is more than 10 per cent above normal, life expectancy is usually reduced about 20 per cent.

Doctors say one of the reasons overweight tends to shorten life is that it puts an additional burden on the heart and circulatory system. It has been estimated that 10 pounds of extra fat require the development of a half a mile of blood vessels.

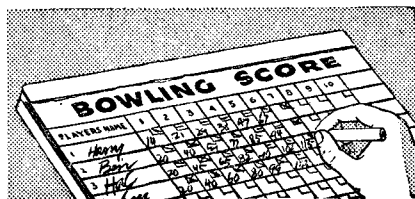
To maintain this excess body tissue, the heart has to work harder. Fortunately, with good medical care, *overweight can usually be corrected*.



The first step in any weight reducing program is to see the physician, for only he is qualified to determine your *best weight*. A six-foot man weighing 185 pounds may be 20 pounds overweight if he has a slight frame, while if he has a large frame that weight could be considered normal.



Proper diet is essential for controlling weight. Most overweight occurs because the body takes in more food than it can use up as energy, and the excess is stored as fat. The doctor will limit food intake while making sure your diet contains enough essential elements to protect general health.



Some exercise is necessary, but one should not expect to reduce just by exercising. Doctors warn you would have to walk 36 miles to lose one pound. Strenuous exercise may also increase the appetite and make it harder to reduce. So, rely on your physician to recommend the proper exercise.

IT IS WISE for people attempting to lose weight to avoid "reducing drugs," unless their own doctor prescribes them. Many drugs used for weight reduction are dangerous. They may overtax the heart or bring about other serious conditions. By faithfully following the program your doctor suggests, it is generally possible to lose weight surely, steadily, and safely.

COPYRIGHT 1949 — METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the booklet,
 39-L, "Overweight and Underweight."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE SPIRIT OF BERLIN

BY FRED A UTLEY

VISITORS to Berlin, however great their resistance to the idea, usually leave convinced that the capital of Hitler's infamous Third Reich has been transformed into the focus of European resistance to total tyranny. This seeming paradox is easier to understand if one remembers that in the tragic record of Hitler's rise to power in Germany Berlin was conspicuous for its anti-Nazi vote, and succumbed only after the Communists had joined hands with the Nazis to destroy German democracy.

It seemed to me, in August and September, and even more forcibly at the end of November when darkness and cold were adding to the misery of the inhabitants, that a Phoenix had arisen from the ashes of the ruined city. German bravery, discipline and singleness of purpose are at long last, to judge from Berlin, being directed toward the defense instead of the destruction of Western civilization. The unity of purpose of Socialists, Liberals and Christian Democrats in face of the threat of a renewal of totalitarianism was providing a lesson for all Europe, in particular for di-

vided France. A nation whose best spirits recognize that it has sinned mightily was demonstrating in Berlin that it now had greater courage in resisting evil than others who have never been tempted, and never learnt the consequences of succumbing to a dictatorship which repudiates all moral values.

"We now know," a young German said to me, "that in the long run power depends upon the extent to which it is based on spiritual and moral values. Methods determine the road; every fraction of confidence won weighs more than any tactical success. Everything which Germans ever won by the sword was lost; her only permanent gains have been those won by moral force. Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Hitler gave us nothing which has not passed away, but the influence of Luther and the Reformation has been permanent."

The man who said this to me, Reiner Hildebrandt, is not a pacifist. Nor did he think that his own country was alone guilty of "crimes against humanity." To him it seemed that Western civilization as a whole was

FREDA UTLEY, author of *Lost Illusion*, *Last Chance in China*, and other books on Russia and the Orient, has just returned from a four-month stay in Germany. She left Berlin at the end of November, and is now engaged in writing a book for the Henry Regnery Company.

on trial, and that it had failed so far to meet the test of the machine age and of a world in which the misery of one people affects all others.

"The crisis in Berlin," in his view, "is an explosion of all the evils which evoked the previous totalitarianism, and now threatens us with the endless night of Communist domination."

Hildebrandt is part Jewish and a former friend of the young Haushofer who was executed for his part in the July twentieth plot against Hitler. He told me that he had been one of those Germans who had originally welcomed the Russians as liberators. Today he is among the most fearless and active anti-Communists in Berlin, and is in constant touch with the resistance movement in the Eastern zone. He was then seeking permission from Military Government to form an international league to help the victims of Communism. Failing to obtain it, he is now going ahead with the organization of a "Fighting group against criminals against humanity." In a recent article he wrote:

Decency requires that we take up this fight. We have a responsibility toward ourselves and toward the millions of people in Soviet concentration camps. We want peace but we do not speak the word peace if it means a continuation of the Cold War. We want a peace which presupposes freedom and respect for human values; a peace which will eliminate the internal as well as external causes of war.

The French, who had once asked "Why die for Danzig?" were now saying "What, die for Berlin!" Yet the

Berliners, ex-enemy nationals as they were, were surely right in believing that if the Western Powers failed this time to recognize the indivisibility of Europe, and to help the unarmed millions seeking to resist the Communist terror, not all the arms and atomic bombs manufactured in America might later on be able to save our civilization.

II

The reaffirmation of spiritual values, faith in the spirit of man and readiness to die for liberty; in a word, recognition of the importance of the intangibles which decide the fate of civilizations, was, it seemed, the explanation for the spirit of hope which pervaded the besieged city of Berlin.

Yet it seemed that the conflict in Berlin was being regarded in America in terms of pure power politics; as if the city where West meets East was just a point on the map, worth so much or so little as a bargaining counter in an American-Russian conflict.

It was more than a little ironical to read the comments of Walter Lippmann, Sumner Welles, and others whose writings were quoted almost daily in the Russian-licensed German press. The same writers who were advocating a deal with Russia which would involve extinction of the lamp of freedom lighted in Berlin were reproving General Clay for standing up to Russia instead of "concentrating upon the conversion of the German spirit to freedom and democracy"!

How was it possible, one thought in Berlin, that anyone could still imagine that the punishment of opinion by denazification courts and penalties, "decartelization," land reform, or the *preaching* of democracy would decide the issue in Germany? How was it that these and other writers failed to see that it was example, deeds, our own attitude in the face of totalitarian aggression, and our support and protection of the fighting democrats in Berlin which were all-important? That if we should decide to retire from the battle for the sake of a temporary truce in the Cold War, and leave the Berliners to be overwhelmed by the Soviet Union, it might never again be possible to enlist the German people on our side? That the resistance movements elsewhere, in Poland, Czechoslovakia and other Soviet satellite countries, would be dealt a mortal blow if we should once again appease Russia and betray those who trusted in our promise not to abandon them? The unholy alliance of Communists and Nazis, so evident in Berlin (where even the chief of the Russian-sector police is a former Nazi), would then not only be able to destroy the democratic movement of infinite promise born in this ruined city and standing as a beacon to the oppressed, but also extinguish all hope behind the Iron Curtain. Germany might then once again in despair repudiate Western civilization instead of becoming a bulwark for its defense.

As one woman Social Democrat said to me during the Moscow negoti-

ations, "You can't treat *people* like pawns in a chess game to be moved forward, encouraged to fight for freedom against tyranny while America is at odds with Russia, and then sacrificed in another move to appease Russia. If you once again come to terms with Stalin over our heads and at our expense, you will never again be able to evoke the spirit which is now keeping us on your side in spite of Russia's greater strength and the hunger and terror Communism uses to break men's spirits."

As in a performance of Hamlet without the Prince, the rôle of the chief protagonist in the drama was omitted in much of the American comment on Berlin. Occasional tributes were paid to the courage and endurance of the Berliners who were daily risking their liberty or their lives by defying the Soviets in the Eastern sectors of the City. But the effect on them and all Germans, of the decisions being arrived at over their heads in Moscow, Washington, London or Paris, was barely mentioned. The elected representatives of the Berliners in their City Council were not even allowed to participate as advisors in the abortive currency negotiations which began in Berlin in September. We were still the conquerors and the Germans the conquered. While still vainly proffering the hand of friendship to the Russian dictator, we refused to treat as allies even those Germans who were daily proving the reality of their democratic professions.

The German people have suffered

too much not to be realists. Ready as many of them were at the beginning of the occupation to atone for the sins of the Nazis, they naturally refuse to accept the thesis that other nations should be allowed to commit crimes against humanity with impunity. They have begun to ask questions about *our* deals with the dictators, and *our* failures to take action against the Communists.

The Berlin weekly, SIE, wrote on August twenty-second:

We do not understand why the Communists are allowed to act according to the old maxim Might is Right, which they have reformulated as Arrogance Wins. We do not understand why Lubeck [in the British zone] continues to supply the Communist zone with electricity while tormenting darkness reigns in the Western sectors of Berlin. We do not understand why the gangster Markgraff who is wanted by the Prosecutor [for war crimes] can arrest people while his employees are not arrested when they come into the Western sectors. We do not understand why what was yesterday regarded as the collective guilt of the German people, namely tolerance of SA-like gangsterism, today passes as "conciliation."

When I returned to Berlin at the end of November, more questions were being asked. Why were the British exporting planes and machinery to Soviet Russia and even repairing the Red Army's transport in the British sector of Berlin? Why were the French surreptitiously exporting machinery from Berlin to Russia? Why was the United Nations in Paris failing to condemn the Soviet blockade of Berlin — surely an obvious "crime

against humanity"? Why was machinery still being dismantled and sent to Russia, Yugoslavia and various Soviet satellite countries from the Western zones?

In spite of all the questions and doubts about our good faith, the Berliners were holding on. Indeed the most remarkable and significant fact, it seemed to me, was the failure of our long-continued appeasement policy toward Russia, or of our treatment of the Germans as a conquered people without rights, or of our original identification of Communism with democracy, to destroy all faith in Western professions and principles.

III

Here among the ruins and the rubble, among a great people brought down to an Asiatic level of subsistence by war and defeat and the universal abhorrence of Nazi crimes which had led us to treat all Germans as deserving of punishment; here where the children went ragged and barefoot and left cold schoolrooms to wait in dark homes for their mothers to return from work — work like that of Chinese coolies stacking bricks, pulling heavy loads along the streets and doing a man's heavy labor on the airfields; here in spite of hunger and humiliation and back-breaking labor, one found, not despair, hatred of East and West alike and a futile lust for revenge, not nihilism or a cynical defeatism and self-seeking, but a stubborn faith in the values of Western civilization which the Nazis had de-

nied and Western occupation policies have done little to revive.

Here in the city where the anti-Nazis had fought hardest, but not hard enough, to prevent Hitler's coming to power, one sensed in every word and deed, not only of the City Assembly and Magistrat, but of the mass of the people, a determination never to let it happen again.

A student from the port of Rostock in the Russian zone, who came to see me in Berlin in September, said that the German workers there would prefer war, even if it meant death, to the misery of their life under the Communists. He also told me how depressing it was to hear every night on the radio that the Western Powers were still negotiating in Moscow, although they had said originally that they wouldn't until the Berlin blockade was lifted. "We are allowed no other papers but the Russian-licensed ones," he said, "and it is not encouraging to see the headlines about 'The great defeat of America,' and to read how you are begging Stalin to talk to you and come to terms."

The word democracy has been too debased by identification with Communism for it to be heard often in Berlin. An older, cleaner, word is used by the people and their leaders: freedom. At the great demonstration I witnessed on August 26, held outside the gaunt, fire-gutted Reichstag building after the Communist storm troopers and police had driven the City Council out of the Stadt House in the Russian sector, the keynote of all the

speeches was "freedom." This was the word which roused tumultuous applause among the hungry, shabby multitude.

The faces of all the people around me showed signs of privation and sorrow. Everyone, from the skinny children to the women old before their time, might have been expected to care more for promises of bread and peace. But it was not until a speaker said that "the fight is not only for Berlin but for freedom everywhere" that the tired, sad faces lit up and the applause rang out.

"We are unarmed but our spirit is stronger than theirs," said Ernst Reuter, the elected Mayor of Berlin prevented from taking office by the Russians. And the eyes of the crowd turned toward the Russian soldiers standing guard close by at the Soviet War Memorial.

The cynic may say that the Berliners are not democrats, that they are merely fearful of the Russian terror which every one of them has experienced in one form or another. True, that tragedy has touched every German one speaks to in Berlin, whether it is the women raped by the Soviet soldiers; the mothers whose husbands or sons were massacred in the Russian sack of the city or are still held as slave laborers in Soviet mines and factories; the families whose homes were burnt over their heads by the Russians; or those who have recently had someone arrested by the Communists and sent to the dread concentration camps at Buchenwald and Sach-

senhausen. Yet, Reuter that day had the crowd with him when he said: "If the Russian people were free to speak, they would be here with us fighting together with us for liberty."

Another popular speaker, the lovely and gracious Frau Annadora Leber, whose Alsatian husband was killed by the Nazis, declared at an open-air meeting I attended in Spandau: "Not every Russian is responsible for the crimes of those who rule over him. We all know that some Russians have shown us kindnesses. They are victims of the same system which oppresses us in the Eastern zone and now threatens all Berlin."

And she continued with these words of warning: "In the depression years many of you said: 'It couldn't be worse,' but you found out later that under the Nazis it eventually became far worse. Now, in spite of our terrible difficulties with food — no Berlin woman knows from day to day how she will be able to feed her family — we *know* that it would be even worse than now if the Russians ruled over us. We know that we would be taken away to slave labor camps and be ruled over by the same methods the Nazis used. The new PGs¹ (Communists) are the same as the old PGs (Nazis)."

IV

Every speech I heard, and every talk I had with Germans of all kinds in Berlin, convinced me that it is not only the close and ever-present fear

¹Short for *Partei Genossen*, i.e., Party Comrades.

of Russia which inspires the German resistance to Communism. It is as much their experience under the Nazis, and their realization that Communism means a repetition of it, which holds the Germans on our side of the Iron Curtain.

"Berlin is not Prague" is more than a patriotic slogan. It expresses the German determination to show the West that those whom we fought yesterday are more to be relied upon in today's world-wide struggle against the totalitarians than some former allies in whom we put our trust, but whose leaders succumbed without a struggle to Communist pressure.

In a long talk I had with Ernst Reuter in his house in Berlin, he said that the feeling in the city was that by a certain kind of behavior the Germans could redeem themselves and "make it impossible for the West to treat us any longer as 'natives.'" (The phrase "indigenous population" is, it must be noted, in common usage by Military Government to signify the German people.)

The war was, however, still too recent for the United States and Britain to accept the Germans as allies. If the courage of the Berliners had convinced American military men, from generals to GIs, that the Germans could become our best allies on the Continent, sentiment at home, French fears and blindness, and the original pattern of behavior set by our occupation policies, precluded a radical change in our attitude toward the Germans. We had made a half-turn

since we began to understand that "you can't do business with Stalin"; we had begun to revive Western Germany and to set our faces against further dismantling; and friendly relations with the German people were now encouraged rather than discouraged. But we still failed to treat the Germans as equals.

In besieged Berlin American and British buses, reserved for allied personnel, still drove around the town almost empty, while the Germans trudged on foot or waited in long queues for the few and overcrowded street cars, or buses, cut to a skeleton service by the Russian blockade. We, "the conquerors," still occupied the best houses, reserving ample space for ourselves, while the majority of Berliners lived in squalor in cellars and bomb-wrecked apartments. "We" still ate to repletion, drank well, and even had fresh milk imported by air from Denmark, while Berlin babies had none, and no Germans except black-marketeers had enough to eat. The demarcation line between the occupation forces and the "natives" was still applied even to the lavatories in Military Government offices — some were labeled only for use by Americans, and others were permitted to German personnel. We, the "conquerors," had electric light 8 hours out of 24, while the Germans had only 2 hours' use of current and only enough gas to boil a kettle of water a day. In some parts of the Western sectors of the city electric light and gas were available only at 1 A.M., and tired women who

had worked all day had to rise to cook and wash in the middle of the night; but "we" could still dance by electric light until 11 P.M. Our houses were warm day and night, but the Germans had no coal. Even their overcrowded hospitals were unheated and in darkness, while our almost empty hospitals had their lights burning all night.

V

The word which I heard most often in Berlin was *Menschlichkeit*. It is a word difficult to translate because it means so much: behavior worthy of a human being, decency, kindness, consideration for others, respect for the individual irrespective of nationality, class, religion or power — everything which should distinguish a free man from a brute, a slave or a robot.

It is the realization that the Rights of Man (in the good old-fashioned eighteenth-century sense which inspired the French and American Revolutions) are primary, and that no economic and social system which denies them is bearable, which has united the Socialist, Liberal and Christian Democratic parties of Berlin in the face of the Communist threat to liberty.

There was a unity, to be found nowhere else in Europe, between agnostics and Christians, Protestants and Catholics, socialists, liberals and conservatives, because one and all realized that the struggle for the world is primarily one between civilization and barbarism, between the individual and the machine, or State, which

seeks to reduce everyone to slavery; between the totalitarians who would drag us all down to the level of the beasts by denying individual responsibility, conscience and *Menschlichkeit*, and those who insist that "security" is only to be won by submission to tyranny.

"The change in the inner content of German socialism is the most important development in Europe today" was the comment made to me by Frau Doctor Ulrich-Biel, a woman leader of Berlin's Liberal Party. In her little room, a partly-bombed apartment house, she said to me: "I could not in the past join the socialists because of my fear of regimentation and because of the socialist opposition to religion. Not that I was a churchgoer, but because I always had respect for the secret of the world and could not reduce everything to materialistic terms. Now after all I have seen and experienced, all the sorrow and fear and misery of our life in Berlin these past fifteen years, I look to having the church on my side. The life of man is too short and he is too frail for him to dispense with a home for the great truths of Christianity. Men are too weak to preserve the truth alone; they must have a tradition to preserve it: a church. Many German socialists realize this today. They are more concerned with preserving the values men live by than with economic theories. All those who do not believe that liberty and human rights are the primary concern have gone over to the SED."

Otto Stolz, a young man who had been expelled from Berlin University for his anti-Communist activities and had already made a name for himself as a writer, told me that he and many other German socialists no longer believed that "nationalization of the means of production and distribution" would solve the problems of human society. "We now know," he said, "that the end of capitalism may, as in Russia, lead only to tyranny. Our main effort must be directed against all those who deny the fundamental value of human rights: freedom of speech and conscience, equality before the law and government by consent, by freely elected representatives of the people."

Most people in Berlin have nothing to lose but their freedom. Perhaps it is this and the terrible trials and privations they have endured which gives them their clear view of essentials and their inner strength. They have become so inured to material hardships and have experienced such great sorrows that those who have not been broken have acquired a rare spiritual fortitude.

Frau Melle, a representative of the Liberal Democratic party who had been thrown into the street with her little girl when the Russians came, had seen her husband carried off by them, her sister raped, her father killed and her mother die of shock, said to me: "We are no longer influenced by fear of losing our possessions, since we have none, and because we have lost so much more than

material comforts. Germans in the Western zones may think that there could be nothing worse than the Anglo-American occupation and the loss of their savings through the recent currency reform. But in Berlin we know that all that is nothing compared to the ultimate horror of Communist domination."

VI

In my conversations with Otto Stolz and other young Germans, including both students from Russian-controlled Berlin University and visitors from the Eastern zone active in the resistance movement, I was impressed most of all by the fact that war, defeat, hunger, and the ever-present fear of ending up in a Soviet concentration camp, had not broken their spirit or sapped their energies. It was also surprising that our original occupation policy had not succeeded in turning German youth into cynics, time-servers or ruthless egotists. For had we not made a mockery of our democratic professions and ideals, not only by treating all Germans, including the victims of Hitler's prisons, as pariahs, but also by condoning Soviet atrocities and treating Communists as democrats? We had even insisted upon the inclusion of Communists in the City and Lander administrations, and put Communists on denazification boards. In Berlin, for instance, although the October 1946 elections had given the Socialists, Liberals and Christian Democrats 80 per cent of the votes, the Allied *Kommandatura* had refused to

allow majority rule and insisted on the inclusion of the Communists in a "coalition," although the latter's party, the SED, had polled only 19 per cent of the city's vote. And even today, I was told, the British and American Occupation authorities do not permit the Germans to oust the Communists who still hold some positions in the Food, Labor and Health offices of the Western sectors, unless they are proved incompetent, or to be sending "open" reports to the Russians!

"Yet you still place your trust in us?" I enquired.

"Yes," replied a pretty girl with red hair and an impudent smile, "we know we must have patience and wait until Americans stop being political babies."

I'm aware, of course, that not only is Berlin not Prague; it is also not all Germany. The important fact, it seemed to me after a month in Berlin, is that there is a movement there which could lead Germany to become a real democracy, and might also reinvigorate and unite by its example the divided and confused anti-totalitarian forces of Europe and America.

There was a sinister reverse side of the hopeful Berlin picture. Some of the die-hard Nazis have made common cause with the Communists, and there might be a recrudescence of aggressive German nationalism under a Red instead of a Black Flag. Former National Socialist theoreticians today hold leading positions in Berlin University and other universities under

Russian control. The head of the disciplinary Court of Berlin University, Fritz Noglich, who now gives lectures on the Social and Political Situation which all Berlin students must attend, was formerly a leading Nazi anti-Semite and anti-Catholic writer. In a famous book on Ludendorf he had once urged a union of German and Russian National Bolshevism against the West.

Many other examples could be cited. Perhaps even more important is the fact that the Russians are using the full force of economic pressure to suppress the democratic opposition. Only "reliable" students can get grants to study, and special privileges in money and in kind are given to those who support the Communist dictatorship. All Germans who can and will be useful to Russia are offered "Stalin parcels" of food and fuel. Those who join the SED for the material advantages this gives them can perhaps not be counted upon by the Russians. Their most reliable allies, and the most dangerous to us, are the former Nazis who hope that by submitting to the Soviets now, and working with them against the West, Hitler's "Thousand-Year Reich" will eventually be restored.

So far there are hardly any Berliners prepared to join up with Stalin and his stooges against the West. This was proved last December 5, by the overwhelming vote for the democratic parties, and by the courage of the German workers who dared to strike in the Russian sector. Nevertheless,

it is a mistake to assume that the Germans must inevitably remain on our side.

In Bavaria, where the horrors of a Russian occupation have not been experienced, a considerable number of people were reputed to have become secret members of the Communist Party, and others were giving money to the Communists, not because they had any sympathy for the Communist cause, but as insurance against the dreaded future day when the Red Army might come and "democratize" the Germans.

So long as we insist that the Germans are to remain defenseless while they also have no guarantee that we will not revert to the policy of appeasing Russia and France at their expense, there is a real danger of their submitting to the Communists in despair. This danger is rendered all the more acute by the continuance of dismantling which is depriving thousands of German workers of their livelihood, and making millions fear that there is no hope for Germany if she continues to side with the West.

The political weakness of Soviet Russia, so evident in Berlin, proves that there are as yet too few Nazi or other collaborators of the Communists to bolster up their dictatorship. The German people, so far, have shown their determination to rejoin the Western community of nations, however narrow and steep the road of atonement. Let us not make it impossible for them to become a part of the Europe we hope to save.

THE COLOR OF THE WORLD

A STORY

BY EVAN S. CONNELL, JR.

IF YOU'D ask Mrs. Passen about Shannon McCambridge, she'd likely fold her veiny hands together and say, "The Lord will destroy him." If you'd ask her about the Widow Gorman, she might turn away without even answering. Mrs. Passen is sort of the link between God and Cow Lake.

Cow Lake was built in 1827 in the middle of the prairie. Now it's in the middle of the Kansas wheat fields, but outside of that nothing much has changed. Only two things break up the squares of wheat. One is the creek-bed that cuts behind the grave-digger's shack, and sometimes has water in it during March. The other is a bunch of black pins that stick up off to the south. Those are oil derricks, but the oil men quit a long time ago. The derricks are rusting. Life comes pretty hard in southern Kansas. Maybe once a month some of the folks go over to Wichita.

Dust covers almost everything. If a car goes by, dust winds up from the concrete and settles on the silent dogs that lie against the curbs. If one of the

dogs walks somewhere its trail is marked for several minutes by a row of dust mushrooms.

There's no saliva on the lips of the women who go to Mrs. Passen's every Wednesday to gain strength from the Gospel, and there's no sweat on the Widow Gorman when she comes into town, except under her arms. There's no whisky on the counter in back of Dummy's pool hall, but the folks who like to drink make Dummy keep the counter there. They like to look at it. The farmers never talk about it, but when they're in town they go over to Dummy's to look at it. They feel of its slick brown top and suck at their teeth for a while.

A little bit after the sun comes up the side doors of the houses open and old women come out. They have celluloid fans that advertise a hardware store. They sit on the porches until sundown, waving the fans. Most of them sit in swings that have chains screwed into the roofs. When they get up at noon or when they pull at their cotton stockings the chains squeak.

EVAN S. CONNELL, JR., is doing graduate work in painting and sculpture, as well as writing, at Columbia University. He has contributed fiction to several small magazines, and he recently won first prize in the \$500 Stanford University short-story contest.

All day the sun is blue-white. It crumbles the thin dirt roads into a powder that sticks to everything. On the highway the tar strips turn to jelly, and blue flies cover the little animals killed by touring cars.

Nobody ever looks for clouds.

The Widow Gorman lives out beyond the edge of town. When it begins to cool off around five o'clock she'll sometimes drive in for things, like a packet of raspberry coloring or a movie magazine. The young men who sit on the steps of the houses late in the afternoon don't say anything when she goes by. After she's gone they begin to pick at little clots of mud, or they sit on their fingers, or look at the cement. They never look at each other. The old men don't say anything. The women who sit on the porches don't say anything. The chains never squeak when the Widow goes by.

Finally the sun goes down and the people begin to take off their clothes.

Mrs. Passen is five feet eleven inches tall and her ankles are almost as big around as her neck. She owns the boarding house. The shades are always pulled. Folks who've lived longest in town say they don't know what would happen to religion if Mrs. Passen should ever go to her Reward, but it doesn't seem like she ever will.

She sings at all the men's funerals. She sings at weddings, too, but sometimes she'll drive clear to Parallel if there's a big funeral for a man scheduled. It's close to fifty miles to Paral-

lel, but Mrs. Passen takes time to go over and sing hymns. She never takes any money for her singing, although it's sort of understood that whenever she sings at a man's funeral his widow gives her a photograph of him. She keeps them in a black tin box in the cellar. But she says they give her a deeper Meaning, so now and again she brings them up and spreads them across the dining room table.

Mr. Passen disappeared just three weeks after their daughter was born. He disappeared in Oklahoma city, where he used to drive to sell more insurance. Some officers came up on the train from Oklahoma and told Mrs. Passen they'd found a body, only they weren't satisfied it was Mr. Passen. They thought it had too many of his insurance cards in the pockets. They stayed several days, asking if he'd ever looked at the ladies more than was right and wanting to know if he'd gotten mail from out of town. But finally they looked at each other and went back to Oklahoma.

After they'd gone Mrs. Passen told how she'd had a Visitation. The Saviour had come and said because her little girl had been born with a crooked foot she should be named Faith, and the Saviour had begged Mrs. Passen to pray for the child.

All through her early grades in school Faith was at the top of her class, and even as far as fifth grade she was pretty well along, but then she began to get shy. So when company came to the boarding house Mrs.

Passen liked her to skip rope for them instead of reciting "Hiawatha" or "The Children's Hour" as most of the other little girls did. She said that was the best thing for her shyness. The guests always clapped, even though Faith sometimes got tangled up in the long piece of clothesline she used for rope.

When her tenth birthday came around she asked her mother for a box of paints and a brush, but Mrs. Passen said the Lord had painted the world. She said now that she was ten it was time to learn about the Lord, and she said Faith should be proud because the Saviour had given her one of his crucified legs.

When she was twelve Faith's hair began to grow silky, and took on more the color of wheat just before it was cut, and her breasts swelled so the older boys watched her, and her lips turned more red and she began to laugh and sing a little sometimes, and she learned to carve kittens out of soap. But life doesn't come easy in southern Kansas. Mrs. Passen had to cook the kittens into lumps so the soap could be used.

That summer Faith met the Widow Gorman. She was standing outside R. L. Boehm's bakery when the Widow came out with a sack of cakes, and they looked at each other and both of them smiled, and the Widow said if she'd carry the cakes to the car she could have one. When Faith began to walk the Widow clapped her hand to her mouth. She didn't look at Faith's foot, but she took the cakes

and said she had some shopping to do, and she hurried into the lobby of the movie house. Faith started to follow her. Then she quit. She put her arms around the post of a streetlight on the curb and hugged the iron.

The Widow came back out. She asked Faith who she was, and after Faith had told her the Widow didn't say anything for almost a minute. Then she said, "Good God!" She took Faith into the ice cream parlor where she bought her a root beer soda and gave her a dollar, and kissed her on the forehead.

Faith bought a box of paints in Keeven's dime store. She took the box to the elm trees in back of Leroy Bates' house. Bates' is on a little rise and there under the elms she could see almost to Wichita. She looked out across the fields until dinner time, and she hid the paint box in a stump before she went home.

That night Mrs. Passen asked for the dollar, and when she didn't have it Mrs. Passen took her out next to the garbage cans and together they knelt, asking forgiveness of the Lord. While they were kneeling Mrs. Passen said the Widow Gorman would be struck by the hand of the Almighty because her soul was more diseased than garbage.

Faith began to spend all her afternoons in back of Bates' under the elm trees. She'd sit there painting big golden pictures of the wheat fields and orange and purple sunsets.

It almost never rains in Cow Lake during the summer, so she rolled up

her paintings and wrapped them around the handle of the black umbrella in the closet. She left the boarding house early every morning so she could be out in the fields when the sun rose. She told her mother it was like church on Christmas Eve. Mrs. Passen thought for a while, but didn't say anything.

When she was almost fourteen, one of the boys asked Mrs. Passen if he could take Faith to his high school party in the gym at Wichita. But Mrs. Passen said no because when Faith finished high school she was going to study at the Eternal Heart, and it wouldn't be right. She told Faith she was sorry, and she invited the boy to stay a while, but he blinked a few times through his heavy glasses and then said he had to go home. Faith told him good-bye at the front door; she thanked him for asking. Then she took the Bible she had gotten for her birthday and went out to the twin elm trees, but she didn't read the passages her mother had told her to memorize; she only sat there until way after sundown, her eyes round and empty like she was blind.

Oron Duchein brought her a box of peanut brittle on her fifteenth birthday, but Mrs. Passen gave it to the gravedigger after Oron went home because it had gone sour in the heat. She patted Faith on the head and told her she was sending clear to Kansas City for an eight-dollar shoe for her foot.

It was three days after that when

Mrs. Passen sprang open the umbrella to see if it needed mending, and the pictures of the sunsets unrolled and dropped to the floor. She called Faith home from school. Then she looked at the pictures for a long time while Faith sat cross-legged at her feet. Faith's eyes were soft and big while she waited, and her lips quivered. She sat on the floor waiting to throw her arms around her mother's neck and cry and kiss her, and cry some more — to cry in her mother's arms until the pain was all gone, but Mrs. Passen got out her shears and cut each of the pictures into eight oblong pieces that would fit into the black box with the photographs of men. She said again that the Lord had painted the world.

Mrs. Passen had more than her share of troubles. Everybody in Cow Lake had troubles. Some of them had sickness every year during the rainy season, others would lose their crops, and some would always be living on a mortgage. But everybody said Mrs. Passen had the most troubles, especially after Faith drowned.

It was at night. Shannon McCambridge found her next morning on his way home from the Widow Gorman's. Faith had drowned in the wading pool. Her hair was still tawny and wonderfully soft, like the wheat, and Shannon McCambridge said it floated under the surface of the pool like the wheatfields sometimes rippled and seemed to float under the wind. Her bad foot was all doubled up, he said, but the specially-built shoe from

Kansas City was safe on the bank.

Mrs. Passen had a portrait of Faith painted from an old photograph and she hung it in the parlor, and over the portrait she hung a framed piece of crepe that had her favorite passage woven into it: "O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

The Widow Gorman sent a note asking if she could buy a little rose garden for the church, but Mrs. Passen burned the note and flushed the ashes down the toilet. She got into her black dress again, the same dress she

had put on when her husband went to his Reward. She ordered a purple candle from a funeral house in Denver, and she hung it under the portrait so some light would always shine on Faith.

Everybody in town came to comfort Mrs. Passen and they all told her she was the most courageous woman they had ever known. Generally when they told her Mrs. Passen would fold her veiny hands together and murmur: "The good Lord giveth and the good Lord taketh away."

NOW ONLY

BY KAYE STARBIRD

This is an hour to keep. There will be hours
Constant and lonely for remembering.
Here where the yellow sun sifts through the flowers,
We shall pretend that only birds take wing.
This is an hour to guard, letting no past
Or future moment make the present small.
Nothing except eternity can last,
And we must trust today to live at all.
This is a burning hour when we may know
Briefly the warmth that one day may be far,
The flame that we must hold though we should go
Singly to walk the highways of a star.
This is an island hour where we may face
Inviolable, the seas of time and space.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. The staff historian reminds us that the newly elected Governor of Puerto Rico, Luis Muñoz Marín, is a former contributor to these pages. He wrote "The Song-Maker of a Continent" for the March 1925 issue; "The Sad Case of Puerto Rico" for the February 1929 issue; and "Americanization: Three Cases" for the September 1930 issue. We have just re-read them and find they hold up remarkably well after the lapse of all these years. Don Luis is a poet and a prose writer of considerable gifts, and we congratulate him upon his elevation to his high post. Since the articles were written so long ago it is perhaps unfair to seek hints in them as to what Don Luis has in mind for the island. Still, the following lines from "The Sad Case of Puerto Rico" may be of interest: ". . . Saving a culture, even an inferior one, from becoming the monkey of another, even a superior one, is a good in itself. And in the present case it is by no means certain that the heritage shared by Puerto Rico is to be un-

favorably compared with the heritage to which the blind forces of production and exchange now seek to hook it up." . . . The editor in charge of reading all the fiction manuscripts and discarding the totally impossible ones reports that during the past few months nearly all third-rate stories have started out in bar-rooms. Whether or not this has any sociological or literary significance we do not presume to say. The only meaning it may have is that in some parts of the country liquor prices have gone down at bars, and free lunches, to which struggling authors have always been partial, have been getting better and better. In New York City, however, according to reports coming from writers of advanced unintelligible verse, it is still too expensive for "good writers" to frequent bars. . . . Criminologists have claimed that whenever a dreadful felony is committed, many unfortunate people come to police stations to confess having committed exactly the same crime — of which they are wholly innocent, of course. Something of the sort has happened in connection with

the Red spy investigations. A young girl, who seemed to be no more than 25, appeared at the office recently and asked to talk to an editor regarding a matter "of the utmost importance to the MERCURY, the United States, and the world." When she was shown into the editor's office, she asked at once whether the office was wire-tapped. She was reassured that the only wires in the office were the telephone and electric wires, and some stray copper wire which an electrician had forgotten to take along about three years before. The young woman fidgeted a while, then said, "Well, I don't know whether I should really be here. But I'm a Taurus and you seem to be a Capricorn, so we can doubtless get along." The editor was surprised to learn he was a Capricorn; in fact, he didn't know what Capricorn was, but he decided to let that go. She continued, "I am a spy, though I cannot tell you for whom I have spied. Perhaps I should say I am a former spy. The FBI knows I'm here, so don't trouble yourself on that score." Just then the editor's telephone rang, and the young woman almost shrieked, "Don't tell them I'm here." The call was wholly unrelated to the woman. Then she said, "Well, now you know about me. I think I'll go." She left, and has not been heard from since. . . . An old would-be contributor recently sent us a telegram threatening to commit suicide if we didn't take his next script. When the script finally came in, a note was attached to it assuring us

that he had changed his mind about taking his life. He said, "If I blow my top now I really will never know whether I have it in me to be a writer. I'm no dope."

GOD, LOVE, AND HATE

When I went to Sunday school, many years ago, I was taught that Jesus was the very personification of love. Lately, I have been browsing through the New Testament and have been shocked by a number of things, especially the cruelty and harshness that are in it. But nothing shocked me more than the occasional harshness of Jesus Himself. In the Gospel of St. Luke, the physician and apparently a very reliable reporter, appear the following verses, referring to Jesus: "And there went great multitudes with him: and he turned, and said unto them, If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke, XIV, 26-27). This strikes me as pretty dreadful stuff, and I think it's particularly horrible to teach it to school children. I wonder how the theologians get around that one.

P. M. U.

Santa Fe, N. M.

HONORARY DEGREES

Harvard gave honorary LL.D.s to Paul Hoffman and General Marshall,

and a dozen or so fancy divines and bankers. I believe Columbia gave honorary LL.D.s to all the major American military leaders of World War II. Pretty much the same has been true of New York University. But all of them have by-passed President Truman. What's the idea? Honorary degrees are mostly pay-offs for gifts, or they are just worthless paper, as Emerson and President Cleveland have said, but this slight of President Truman looks pretty deliberate to me. I'm sure he doesn't care, and neither do I, really, but I would like to know what's behind this business, just out of curiosity.

JOHN X. MCCARRAN

Providence, R. I.

MARRIAGE AND RELIGION

The man who changes wives is no more intelligent than the man who changes religions. The virtues and horrors are pretty evenly divided among women, as they are pretty evenly divided among religions. It's best to stick to what you're stuck with. It saves unnecessary wear and tear.

PAUL O. BRINTON

Reno, Nev.

THE HONORABLE

The other day I read a news item about Mayor Curley of Boston, and it reported a speaker referring to him as "The Honorable, James M. Curley,

mayor of Boston." Knowing a few things about Mr. Curley — no more than what every newspaper reader knows — I was discomfited a bit by the juxtaposition of the words *honorable* and *Curley*. I know that it is customary to refer to all politicians as honorable. How did this horrible custom start? And can't it be stopped?

TIMOTHY P. MURPHY

Swampscott, Mass.

COMPLAINT ABOUT RESTAURANTS

I am pretty much of a meat eater. In fact, I hardly eat anything else. Whenever I go to a restaurant I order meat — steak, chops, roast — and tell the waiter that I don't want any vegetables and no bread and butter. Because of this, I think that I should be charged less than the regular price for these dishes, since the price includes the vegetables and, generally, the bread and butter. In every restaurant that I have eaten in — and I have eaten in many across the country — the waiter has told me that I would have to pay the regular price. I have frequently asked the waiter to give me a little extra meat to make up for the vegetables that I didn't want, but he has invariably told me that was against the rules. Is this fair business practice? Why should I pay for something I don't want? I am sure there are many other people who feel as I do.

HOLGER O. LINDSKOG

Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

BY FRANCIS & KATHARINE DRAKE

ALMOST all of us begin slowing down, physically, after 40 — despite the fact that our bodies and organs are capable of reaching 100 without wearing out in any vital part. Just how young or old a person will be at 70 depends largely on how well his health has been preserved between 40 and 60. Now, thanks to the science of geriatrics — that branch of medicine concerned with the body's aging process — we have an excellent chance of advancing into the 70s and 80s as nearly free from physical woe as we were at 30.

To the geriatrician — the doctor who practices the new science of age-fighting — Great-Aunt Martha, spry as a lark at 84, is not the “wonder for her age” we all exclaim over. She is just what she should be, what most of us *could* be on the threshold of our eighty-fifth year.

Geriatrics is no miracle-worker. It depends for effectiveness on two important things: the guidance of an experienced doctor, one who thoroughly understands the aging process and its highly individual problems; and initiative and follow-through on

the part of the “patient” in having regular health check-ups. Oddly enough, while 25 per cent of the adult population have regular dental examinations, less than 7 per cent ever go to a doctor to check on the incomparably important condition of their bodies. Most of us still regard medical care as existing for the prime purpose of healing us when we are ill. Yet nowadays it can be easier to *stay* well than to get well, and much cheaper.

The physical shape in which most Americans are passing the 60-year milestone suggests some sound reasons for adopting medical care as a bodyguard. Twenty-eight per cent are 10 per cent overweight at 60, and 99 per cent of such overweight is due to overeating or injudicious food selection. In any year, overweight people die at the rate of nearly two for one by comparison with people of normal weight, and seldom live to be really old. Most people of 60 have from one to eight diseases or deficiencies; three out of four lack the minimum amounts of calcium, protein, iron or vitamins, without

FRANCIS DRAKE is a native of England who has had a varied career in aviation, in the army, and in business. After World War I he became an American citizen. KATHARINE DRAKE, his wife, is a former newspaper woman. Recently they have been doing free-lance writing.

which the human body coasts downhill bereft of brakes. Fully 25 per cent of those over 65 are anemic.

By contrast, the record of those who have had regular health check-ups is outstanding. In a pioneer geriatric clinic in Rhode Island, for example, less than 1 per cent of the patients have required hospitalization in the past ten years. In a Connecticut insurance center, over a five-year test period, there were 44 per cent fewer deaths among medically supervised employees than among those who refused the service. When surgery is unavoidable, geriatric patients have been found to be incomparably better "risks."

After 40 our illnesses generally come from multiple and cumulative causes, meet with less resistance than they do in a young body, and seldom give definite warning of arrival. "Unfortunately, they don't wave a red flag at a time when we can accomplish something," says Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, one of the country's leading geriatricians. "Only later do the subjective symptoms appear and then it is rather difficult to shake a miracle out of one's sleeve. If we can reach 60 without one or more degenerative disorders, the outlook for the next 20 years is hopeful indeed."

Before they reach the "symptom" stage — pain, fever, nausea, etc. — these disorders of middle-life may already have sabotaged a perfectly sound organ far removed from the original trouble site. For example, that heart attack of Mrs. Jones', which

hospitalized her for months, was not due to a faulty heart; it was caused by a steadily increasing traffic jam of fat around arteries, which increased the pumping load of the heart so far above the legal limit that it revolted. In common with countless "heart" sufferers, Mrs. Jones had long been taking too much fat with her meat, too much candy and cake with her daily fare.

II

The aging of the human body is a highly individual thing — not even identical twins age in the same manner. "A 60-year-old man may have a 40-year-old heart, 50-year-old kidneys and an 80-year-old liver and be trying to live a 30-year-old life," says Dr. C. Ward Crampton, Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Geriatrics of the Medical Society of New York County.

The geriatrician's first job is to establish the top health potential of each patient. This he determines by a complete physical examination and by informing himself of his patient's background, family, work, worries, responsibilities and the like. If the health picture is good, the patient can go his way rejoicing for another year. But if anything is functioning poorly, the geriatrician brings into play every art and craft of modern medical science to lift the patient's over-all condition as near maximum efficiency as possible — *and keep it there.*

Although it is prudent to conserve

health by checking up at 40 rather than at 60, much can be done at any age, even in cases of chronic illness. For instance, if the heart is organically weak, the geriatrician concentrates on all the other organs and nutritional resources of the patient. Vitality may be stepped up with iodine or iron, resistance fortified with proteins, skin and tissues refreshed with selected vitamins, arteries relieved by diet, blood enriched with liver extract, digestion bolstered with hydrochloric acid or some other effective agent. Improving the whole system automatically reduces the strain on the heart.

Of all the weapons in the doctor's armory, one of the most powerful is food. Geriatrics has demonstrated that the big saboteurs of health after 40 are our pet theories of what, and how much, we should eat. In this country we are surrounded by excellent food in endless variety, yet clinical records show that about 75 per cent of the senior half of the population suffers from malnutrition. This seems to stem from lack of knowledge rather than lack of bankroll, for doctors find as many dietary deficiencies among the well-to-do as among the lower-income groups. One geriatrician cites the case of a 60-year-old millionaire, half-starved by his belief that proteins, especially meat, were "bad for anyone over 40."

American women spend nearly a half-billion dollars annually to beautify complexions from the *outside*, unaware that sagging skins and

wrinkles can be better remedied from the *inside*, simply by improved nutrition.

What, then, should men and women over 40 eat, and how much, to secure the best health and a long life? Nutritional needs vary, but some basic food rules hold good for everybody. Calcium, iron and protein head the list — without an abundance of each, the body withers. Calcium nourishes the blood, bones and tissues; iron helps to make blood; protein furnishes energy, restores tissues, repels disease.

Calcium is in leafy green vegetables, cheese, milk; iron in lean meat, liver, green vegetables, eggs, oysters, dried peas and beans, apricots, raisins. Lean meat and eggs are also rich in proteins; so are lima beans, peanuts, poultry, fish, milk and cheese. To eat *enough* of all three daily is highly important. Calcium poverty keeps bones from knitting properly after a bad fall; iron poverty — the most frequent health impairment found in adults — brings anemia and that exhausted feeling; protein poverty may make us a setup for ulcers of the stomach.

Raw fruit and vegetables are right for everyone, with qualifications: (a) if you chop them to pieces, you spoil many vitamin values; (b) if they contain seeds or fibers, they can grate like sandpaper on delicate intestines. Liquids are indispensable to proper body balance — between one and two quarts a day after the fortieth birthday in some such form as water, milk, tea, coffee, soups, etc.

To work out the correct fare for any individual requires expert guidance. Here is a doctor's table of basic daily food, that will take care of a person's *minimum* needs after 40.

Milk: one pint (may be in soups, cooking, etc.).

Orange, grapefruit or tomato juice: one liberal serving.

Green vegetable: one serving.

Other vegetable: one serving.

Eggs: one or more.

Meat or fish: one serving.

Butter or fortified margarine: two to three pats.

This list must be supplemented in accordance with each person's daily requirements and activities, and it is here, in calory mathematics, that the unsupervised majority make the really dangerous mistakes. A man of 60 needs 35 per cent fewer calories than a man of 30, even if both are performing identical work. After 40 the gradually slowing-down human power plant cannot keep up its former pace of converting calories into energy. Result: unconverted calories begin to get dumped — around the waistline or, worse still, around arteries and organs. Many people who eat light meals fall into the insidious "snack" habit, which can spell disaster. One geriatrician traced the mounting avoirdupois of a matron with "bird-like appetite for meals" to the salted nuts she had nibbled evening after evening for years.

It is the experience of doctors that not to begin cutting down on fats, sugars and starches after 40 is to invite

the lightning. These are the snipers that end so many useful lives prematurely by a stroke, by a blinding stab of angina, by hardening of the arteries and coronary artery disease. Life insurance figures show that fat people with high blood pressure are twelve times as susceptible to heart disease as people of normal weight. Doctors deny the popular belief that it is "natural" to gain weight during the middle years. They tell us that the pot-belly and the middle-aged spread in virtually every case come from improper diet and lack of care, that they are *not* the inevitable consequences of aging.

Other important controls on the geriatric health program may include a penicillin "purge," a switch from too strenuous setting-up exercises to safer routines, an allergy treatment, instructions for rest or massage or different shoes. Medical records show that after geriatric care the vast majority of people "become stronger and more vigorous than they were before, their aging processes definitely retarded."

III

Typical is the history of the Smiths, a couple who might pass for 50 but are actually 62 and 60. Some years ago they had resigned themselves to "feeling their age." Smith sought medical help because colds, digestive and kidney distresses, and heaviness in the chest were causing him to lose more and more work days. "Nothing the matter except age, I guess," he

told the geriatrician. But examination showed high blood-pressure adversely affecting many organs, a faint whisper over the heart, neglected infections in both sinuses, one kidney damaged by a long-congested prostate, and insufficient acid in his stomach juices for proper digestion.

Mrs. Smith, height five feet four, weight 152 pounds, breathing heavily after the few steps to the doctor's office, was pretty well, she thought. It was just that she hadn't any pep, caught all her husband's colds, found things getting on her nerves and suffered occasional pains in the joints which she feared meant arthritis. The geriatric analysis showed that almost all of Mrs. Smith's troubles stemmed from faulty diet — not enough liquids, too many starches, a dangerous shortage of thiamine, the age-fighting vitamin which the nervous system needs increasingly after 40.

Nowadays the couple's friends exclaim, "What *have* you been doing to yourselves?" Smith has not lost a day's work in a year, his infections, knocked out by penicillin, have not returned, he digests whatever he eats, his blood pressure is down to 143. Mrs. Smith is buying the size 14s she

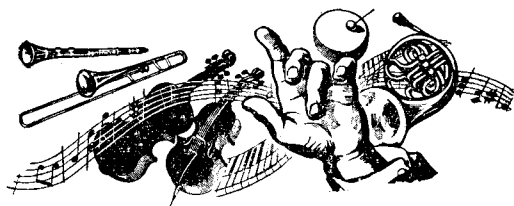
wore at 30, her metabolism rate, thanks to iodine, is back to normal, and she feels as gay as she looks. Both are grateful to medical science for a totally unlooked-for revival of vigor and interests. In reply to their friends' questions, the Smiths say: "Eat less, drink more, get a calory chart, a good pair of scales — and leave the rest up to the doctor. That's the way to forget about birthdays — and make sure they forget about you."

Plans for the expansion of geriatric care are under study in many parts of the country. The American Geriatrics Society has its headquarters in Minneapolis. A pioneer clinic is operating in Rhode Island and first-class private geriatric care may be obtained in California, New York, Nebraska, Missouri, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Washington, D. C., by making inquiry of the county medical association. There are still far too few clinics to satisfy a mass need, but these could be set up in short order, attached to local hospitals, serviced by local physicians and nurses, and financed by local organizations, bringing the benefits of preventive care within the reach of every resident.



MUSIC

by HOWARD L. GOODKIND



THE RETURN OF THE HARPSICHORD

THE music public of 1949 is still suffering from the activities of a publicity combine that did its dirty work almost two hundred years ago. In 1760 a dozen wily piano manufacturers from the continent arrived in England prepared to seal the doom of the hapless harpsichord. With religious fervor, the "twelve apostles," as they were facetiously called, preached the gospel of the pianoforte. They extolled its tone, its adaptability, its facile action, its full volume. They begged musicians to play it and they persuaded composers to write for it. They wrote letters to persons in high positions, made speeches at fashionable salons, passed sly remarks in public places and used other such devious means to ingratiate themselves and their product with

the British. It soon became evident that their campaign had caused a major revolution in musical circles. Working on the false premise that the piano was an improved harpsichord, these men succeeded in convincing the world that the harpsichord was obsolete and therefore of no value. Within fifty years, the instrument which had for decades served and satisfied the masters was gathering dust in museums.

While the piano basked in the reflected glory of Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt and Brahms, the harpsichord vanished, along with the yellowing manuscripts of the pre-Bach composers. It was not until about 35 years ago, almost simultaneously with the appearance of Wanda Landowska on the musical scene, that interest suddenly revived. Enthusiastic articles blossomed out in leading musical journals, praising the harpsi-

HOWARD L. GOODKIND, who has contributed record reviews and articles on music to past issues of the *MERCURY*, is managing editor of *The Story of Our Time*, a history of the year. During the war he produced serious music for American troops in Europe.

chord's charm and versatility. Critics chided each other for ever having neglected this valuable treasure. Still, for the average man, the harpsichord remained a museum piece — interesting, perhaps, but no more desirable to have around the house than a suit of medieval armor or a powdered peruke.

Within the past few years, however, the harpsichord has finally worked its way back into the parlor. Although, to date, it has not actually arrived in person, it has sent out its voice *via* the electric phonograph. The record companies courageously proceeded to build up a sizable library of harpsichord music, despite the apparently slim prospects that they would ever recover their production costs. To their surprise, some of the sets have made a little money. It now seems entirely possible that, with a friendly nod from James Caesar Petrillo, the time may yet come when the harpsichord will challenge the piano's now-undisputed rôle in the family living room.

The occasion for this consideration of the past, present and future of the harpsichord is the release of two fine sets of seventeenth and eighteenth century compositions. One, the *Treasury of Harpsichord Music*, is a collection of fifteen works by Rameau, Couperin, Purcell, Scarlatti and other early composers. The music is performed by the most proficient harpsichordist of them all, Wanda Landowska. The second set consists of the six Bach sonatas for harpsichord and

violin, played by Ralph Kirkpatrick and Alexander Schneider.

The Landowska album is remarkable for its generous list of rarely heard pre-Bach composers. Here is ample proof that we have heretofore been guilty of intellectual lethargy and a general lack of foresight by our patronizing attitude toward the harpsichord and the men who composed for it. The masters of the seventeenth century obviously put all their masterpieces in the wrong basket. It is depressing to think of the abundance of sparkling and imaginative music that remained unplayed for more than a century, waiting for Mme. Landowska and others like her to grope into the past and discover them at the turn of the last century. We are indebted to these musicologists for proving that the piano and the harpsichord can thrive side by side.

Wanda Landowska treats her instrument with the sincere love of a true artist. Her searching interpretations of Scarlatti's sonatas and the two works by Purcell seek out even the subtlest rhythmical patterns. Her performance of Mozart's Turkish March will be a revelation to those who have suffered through the insipid piano version. The harpsichord has often been accused of being a colorless instrument stripped of nuance. While it may be incapable of tonal nuance in the literal sense, it certainly has nuance of rhythm, and to a much greater degree than the piano. Anyone who has heard this

album can also testify to the range of color that is at the fingertips of the harpsichordist. Music seems to spring with new life from the strings of Mme. Landowska's instrument. Albums like this will certainly do a great deal toward convincing a skeptical world that many of the accusations that have been leveled at the much-maligned ancestor of the piano are either entirely false or absurdly exaggerated.

The Bach sonatas played in the Columbia release are interesting and make fine listening. They are products of the same rich period in Bach's life that gave us the famous Brandenburg Concertos. Bach was the first to recognize the value of combining the harpsichord and the violin. The results of this happy marriage were admired by Mozart, who later composed sonatas for the same combination. Kirkpatrick, who always approaches his music with care and good taste, seems, nevertheless, to fall a bit short of the mark. While his performance in these records is admirable for its precision, it is never really exciting. The novelty of hearing these long-forgotten compositions, however, makes up for any deficiency in interpretation.

II

Actually, the harpsichord is undergoing a case of delayed evolution. After more than a century of slumber, it is taking up where it left off. No one really knows when the harpsichord was invented. The best guess is

that it wasn't "invented" at all, but rather evolved through the centuries from its early beginnings as the ancient psaltery, an instrument with thirteen strings used by the Hebrews and by medieval ballad singers. The first real mention of the harpsichord, or of something called the *eschequier* which was very much like it, was made in Minnesinger writings of the fourteenth century. Later, the Tudors became keyboard fans and always found a place for the virginal, another harpsichord relative, at court functions and fêtes. It was the harpsichord in its present form that cradled the first true beginnings of European musical culture. The magnificently conceived Goldberg Variations of Bach, Scarlatti's more than 500 sonatas, and the countless harpsichord compositions of Handel, Couperin, de Chambonnières, Rameau, Purcell and others formed a solid base upon which Beethoven and those that followed built their masterpieces. Today, even in our most modern and seemingly "avant-garde" works, we occasionally find brief reminiscences that are directly traceable to the seventeenth-century composers who wrote their music for the harpsichord.

The harpsichord's only real rivals during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were the organ and the clavichord. The latter, a tiny instrument with a delicate, singing tone, operates on a mechanical principle similar to that of the piano. It is possible for the player to embroider subtle shadings of tone color

into clavichord music by exerting slight pressure on the keys. The volume of this intimate instrument is so small, however, that at least four performers could establish themselves in the corners of a fair-sized room and play away without disturbing one another in the least. The clavichord never really challenged the harpsichord's rôle on the concert-hall stage or in the music salon.

To appreciate fully the difference between the piano and the harpsichord some basic knowledge of their mechanisms is necessary. Actually, their only similarities are their wing shape and the fact that they both have strings. In all other respects they are dissimilar.

In general, keyboard instruments may be divided into two main groupings: those with strings that are struck and those with strings that are plucked. To the "plucked string" category belong the psaltery, the virginal, the spinet and, last of the line, the harpsichord. The clavichord and the piano both operate on the "struck string" principle. It is the *mechanism*, not the *form*, which determines the classification. The harpsichord, the spinet and the piano all are wing-shaped, while the virginal is constructed like a rectangular box and is small enough to hold on your knees. Its name may be traced to its popularity with young girls, who found it relatively easy to lift and carry about.

The harpsichord and the rest of the

"plucked string" family all have large sounding boards with a series of wire strings stretched taut over them. As the player touches a key, a small piece of wood called a "jack" is raised. The jack holds a plectrum made of quill or leather which plucks the string in a lever-like movement and retires. This action results in a clear, sharp, guitar-like sound. It is impossible to reproduce it by placing paper over the strings of a piano or by other similar means. Two or three rows of keys and a variety of stops can produce a so-called "real" note and, by using a different combination, the same note an octave lower or higher. The stops are small hand levers used to produce varied effects. The harpsichord produces no overtones or other distracting tonal by-products. When properly played, the melody line is closely woven and the rhythms are precisely marked. The harpsichord sounds "tinny" only to those who insist on regarding it as a primitive piano.

The piano tone is produced by striking the strings with felt pads or hammers which rise when the keys are touched and then retire. The device which allows the hammers to drop back in place while the finger is still on the key is called the escapement. When the piano's inventor, Cristofori, made his first instruments between 1711 and 1720, they had no dampers and no escapements. It was not until these improvements were introduced on a large scale, some forty years later, that the piano was ready

to make its appearance. The pianist may sustain his notes as he strikes them by holding his foot down on the pedal, or he may allow them to dissipate at once. This was one of the advantages that the piano manufacturers boasted when they started their propaganda campaign. The piano's tone is certainly far richer than the harpsichord's — but it is also far fuzzier. Nineteenth-century composers and musicians found this sonority ideally suited to their moods and techniques when great chordal blocks and floods of notes were the style. For the mathematical accuracy required to play Bach and his contemporaries correctly, however, the harpsichord is still without peer.

It is obvious then, that at the time the piano made its debut, there was ample room for both instruments, and the harpsichord needn't have retired from the scene. That composers living during Mozart's lifetime felt reluctant to give up the harpsichord was evidenced by the abundance of compositions that were written for either "harpsichord or piano." It was up to the performer or arranger to decide which instrument should play the music. Unfortunately, many of the livelier, more vivacious compositions, which should rightfully have been played on the harpsichord were arranged for piano simply because most performers preferred to comply with the current public fancy rather than score the music properly for the instrument with the appropriate mechanical action.

III

Most students of the harpsichord will agree that many changes and improvements must be made in the design of the instrument before it can regain its place on the concert-hall stage and in the home. Louder tone and a smoother action will help to make the harpsichord more attractive to composers and musicians. Many pianists have complained of the annoying click that is heard every time a note on the harpsichord is struck. Conductors are also unhappy because the instrument is difficult to keep in pitch during a concert. This is due in part to the wooden frame, which does not offer the strings much protection from moisture. A light metal frame would help to solve this problem and also make the harpsichord generally more durable. Most harpsichordists do not use eighteenth-century instruments for their concert appearances. They own Pleyel, Gaveau, Neupert or other European models which have been manufactured recently and are in every way superior to the older types.

Apropos of the growing interest in harpsichord music, I asked Sylvia Marlowe what she thought of the instrument's future. Miss Marlowe, one of the four or five better-known exponents of the harpsichord, has experimented on her French Pleyel with everything from fugues to ultra-modernistic atonal music, as well as — many aesthetes will shudder at this — boogie-woogie.

Miss Marlowe claims that one of her chosen instrument's most attractive features is the opportunity it offers the player to improvise within the scope of the written music. So many combinations of stops and registers are available to the harpsichordist that two musicians will play the same work note for note and make it sound like two different compositions. Jazz enthusiasts who have always criticized the restrictive nature of classical music will be interested in this flexibility, which offers the musician an opportunity to add his personal touch to the touch of the composer.

Miss Marlowe feels that the harpsichord's plucking action makes it perfectly suited to the needs of modern composers, both popular and classical. The prospect of a harpsi-

chord on the stage of New York's Paramount Theatre taking a few hot licks with a dance band does not seem at all ludicrous to her.

The delicate, crisp percussive effect is similar to that obtained by plucking the strings of a violin sharply. Béla Bartók used this device frequently. Those who follow current trends in contemporary music know how highly modern composers value this combination of brittle accent and sharply defined melody. Many of our outstanding contemporaries — de Falla, Poulenc, Delius and Virgil Thomson, to name a few — have already composed modern works featuring the harpsichord as a solo instrument. This "new" medium deserves careful consideration by other composers who are searching for original outlets to express their musical thoughts.

SINGULARITY

BY DAVID MORTON

Observe the single crow,
Motionless and dim
In the thick-falling snow. —
What's to become of him?

The night is shutting down,
Thickening with the snow,
Across the end of town. —
Where is he to go?

A window, here and there,
Lights travellers home in snow . . .
But what the crow must bear,
Only the crow will know.

THE STATE OF OREGON

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

It is probably too simple to say that the state of Oregon is 97,000 square miles of sobriety situated on the West Coast of the United States between the lush, heady realtors' paradise of California and the politically rampant soviet of Washington. But Oregon is indeed a sober-sided commonwealth, and its efforts in the greatest art of the American West, which is boosterism, are quite feeble. This is one of the many reasons why Oregon is the most civilized place to live in all the West.

Yet, all is not well, and many of us who live here because we love the state are troubled. Since 1940, we are told, the population of Oregon has risen by more than 49 per cent, and now comprises a grand 1,545,000 people, one third of whom are settled in the northwest corner of the state, in and around Portland. Worse, all indications point to a continued influx, and no one can tell where the business will stop. It is probable that nothing can now stem the tide. A great many additions are coming to Oregon in the form of new industries, so much so that the vaunted Federal electric-power project at Bonneville Dam on

the Columbia river is already overloaded, and has to be rationed among the scores of newly erected plants.

Little wonder that decent men who really love Oregon toss in their sleep, with visions of a second New Jersey here among the tall firs and the cattle ranges. Another huge dam, for power and irrigation, is being built; and seven more sizable and similar projects are under way on Oregon's Willamette river. Oregon waited a full hundred years for what most Americans call "development," but it is here now, in full-gospel strength, and with its coming are the ills and harassments of commerce and industry.

The nearly 50 per cent increase in population in eight years has taken place with scant benefit, one is proud to say, of blatant boosting. It is true that the state, and various chambers of commerce, have raised their voices in praise of the region, but their voices are faint compared to the extra-loud speakers to our north and south. The so-called development of Oregon has come pretty much because of the state's obvious natural advantages. Refugees from Oklahoma, Texas and

STEWART H. HOLBROOK'S *excursions into the lesser known and more colorful areas of American history and folklore are familiar to MERCURY readers. His latest book is Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People. This is the seventeenth in a series on the states.*

Arkansas, Negroes from the Deep South, chilled farmers from the Dakotas, small industrialists from the Atlantic seaboard, and agents of assorted big industries, one and all they are now in Oregon in number. Many will find it truly the Promised Land. Others will, of course, find no New Canaan here. Taken all together, the newcomers have changed Oregon a great deal in the past eight years, and they are likely to change it even more in the next decade. And though personally, and selfishly, I deplore their coming, I well know that they could hardly have shown sounder judgment.

11

Where the name of Oregon comes from nobody knows. There is good evidence that it stems from the attempts of French explorers in the Lake States to set down on paper what the Indians said was the name of a large stream there, the Wisconsin. There is no "w" in French, hence the word appeared as "Ousconsin" on their maps. This river was believed to flow into the Pacific ocean. It didn't, but a large western river did, and Major Robert Rogers, a Yankee from Massachusetts, and a Connecticut man named Jonathan Carver, seeking a Northwest Passage, gave prominence to the name, which appeared in a book written by Carver as *Ourigan*. Possibly it would have died with Carver's book except for William Cullen Bryant, the poet, who found it suitable to the rolling majesty of his verse. In *Thanatopsis*,

Bryant had it Oregon. And Oregon it is.

The Oregon Country was a somewhat vague region comprised of what is now not only Oregon, but Washington, Idaho, and portions of Montana and Wyoming. Its sovereignty was doubtful. Though Lewis and Clark explored part of it, Britain claimed the whole region, and the aggressive Hudson's Bay Company set up trading posts to secure the pelts of beaver with which the rivers and creeks abounded. John Jacob Astor's men moved in, too, but they were no match for the British. However, American missionaries had meantime arrived, and on their heels came the first waves of American settlers. These pioneers found the beaver-dam soils of the Willamette Valley wonderful land for farms. They plowed, strung their stake-and-rider fences, and founded their villages, which they named Salem and Amity and Sweet Home and Lebanon.

The swarming Americans were soon able to form, in spite of British opposition, a provisional government. Then, in 1848, after much blustering in both Parliament and Congress, and the trigger-happy slogan of Fifty-Four Forty or Fight, Oregon Territory was admitted to the Union. It was a piece of land equal to the combined areas of France, post-World-War-I Germany, and Spain. And it was acquired without a shot, or a dollar.

Among the earlier arrivals in Oregon had been one James Wilson Marshall, who tarried a while, then went

to California where, on January 24, 1848, he found gold in a mill-race. It started the Rush of '49, which was the making of California. Yet, a steady trickle of the covered wagons found its way to Oregon. It was said of these pioneers that the chance to find gold meant less to them than a good farm, that they were the less adventurous, the steadier — perhaps the more stodgy — sort of Argonauts. In any case, several thousand of them took the fork of the trail that led to the Willamette Valley, in Oregon, and there they drove their stakes. Up went their little churches, and their church-dominated seminaries, for they were a pious people and managed, in quick time, to set up water-tight compartments of religion in Oregon — the Methodists here, the same for the Congregationalists, the same for the Baptists, Christians, Catholics and Quakers; and a bit later for the Christian Communists and a group of the followers of Menno Simons.

Oregon became a state in 1859. A couple of minor wars were required thoroughly to pacify the natives. But the classic type of Western badman — the yahoos who called for vigilante treatment in California, Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Wyoming — were scarce in Oregon. In the past century only one, a thug named Harry Tracy, made sufficient noise and trouble to bear comparison, even if feebly, with the likes of Murietta, Black Bart, the Daltons and other worthies of the Western road.

Nor have there been any notable bandits of big business and industry, such as the Big Four of California railroads. And when the Big Four attempted to bring Oregon into their orbit, by way of a gigantic land fraud, the Oregonians made so much fuss that the Federal government was obliged to repossess its lands, known as the Oregon & California Land Grant, and administer them for the benefit of Oregon counties. Washington still administers these lands.

Oregon, naturally, had its own men of vision, and they were shrewd operators, ruthless, grasping, as prehensile as could be found anywhere. They speculated in town sites, created monopolies in transportation and commerce, and carried on generally in the accepted manner of nineteenth-century business in the United States. In short, they "opened up the country," which was not only the privilege but the duty of American businessmen of the period. But it is typical of Oregon that these benefactors are not honored in handsome cast-iron statues, as they would have been almost anywhere else.

So, Oregon developed, almost imperceptibly, over the years, while its sister states to the north and south were in the very van of Progress, praying loud and seductively, sending their goons into the Eastern states, into Europe, into Asia, to attract capital, or business, or population. Their goons and their incredible pamphlets told monstrous lies of opportunities in California and Washington, and the

gulls flocked in — to find that the fabrications had turned into facts, God's truth, no less.

It might appear odd that Oregon, set between two such prodigies of states, should have grown, or "developed," so slowly. That is, if one didn't know something of Oregon, a country of great placidity. Possibly it is in the very air. Perhaps its founders, who ignored gold mining for farms, had an influence. Whatever its source, there is a serenity about it, though not a languor, that permits Oregonians to mind their own affairs and to worry not at all about a lack of new settlers. They enjoy bragging of the bigness of their mountains, the vastness of their open spaces, the height of their timber, the wonders of their flax, wheat, cheese, apples, pears and salmon; but the fact that the city of Los Angeles alone has more people than the whole state of Oregon troubles them not. Indeed, the true Oregonian hopes, and lately, alas, with sinking heart, that California, if not Los Angeles, will attract another 3 or 4 million immigrants, and that the state of Washington will take care of any left over.

III

Oregon is a state 290 miles up and down the map, 380 miles across. If common sense instead of political needs governed the making of states, then Oregon would be two commonwealths, divided by the range of the Cascade Mountains. This splits the state into two sections, alike in al-

most nothing. They have disparate climates, hot and cold and dry on the east; equable and damp on the west. Complexions on the east side are generally believed to be two shades darker, by reason of sun and wind, than on the west. The east side is marked by extinct volcanoes and extensive lava beds, and by immense forests of pine which meander so diffusely that here, and perhaps nowhere else on earth, a crew of farmers can harvest tall yellow grain within sight and sound of lumberjacks felling trees of gigantic girth.

Fir named for David Douglas is the dominant tree on the west side. And fir and pine together, with lesser stands of cedar and spruce, are what make Oregon the leading lumber state. Between 45 and 50 cents of every dollar that moves in Oregon, moves directly or indirectly because of products of the forest. It is no romantic fancy, that bronze figure, with ax in hand, on top of the state capitol at Salem. During 1948 Oregon's forest products, including wages of some 76,000 workers, amounted approximately to \$488 million.

Yet, typically, Oregon does not have a wild sawdust city in the tradition of Bangor, Saginaw, Eau Claire, and Bemidji, the red-eyed, wide open towns that marked the migration of lumberjacks from Maine west. The center of the biggest lumber-making region on earth today is Eugene, Oregon, a genteel college town where loggers get into jail less often than students of the University.

Although the state tends to political conservatism, and has elected more Republicans than Democrats, it was not always so. At the century's turn it was considered the most radical state in the Union because it pioneered in adopting the initiative and referendum, the Australian ballot, and other dangerous heresies that are now commonplace. Oregon was also in the van with gasoline taxes and an income tax. It remains one of the few Western states without a sales tax. The complexity of its citizenry may be seen, if not understood, in the fact that in the 1920s Oregon went whole-hog for the Klan, then elected a Jew as governor.

In the matter of higher education the state stands up pretty well. There is a state university, a state college with an excellent forestry school. Privately endowed Reed college is an outstanding place of learning. It has no football scholarships, no interest whatever in *any* inter-collegiate sport, and it is thus suspect among a large number of Oregonians as a hive of anarchists. Reed's scholastic requirements are as high as any in any Western college or university, higher than most.

The state library, the Portland library, and the Oregon Historical Society's library are of a quality to astonish even condescending Easterners. They are outstandingly good. Portland has a most creditable art museum, with a better than average permanent collection. That city, together with Hood River and several

of the Coast towns, can muster perhaps a score of professional and talented artists. Their standing in the state slowly improves, and some day, it seems probable, a good painter will rank along with a ski-instructor, though probably not with a golf professional. The condition of letters is similar. Oregon has a considerable number of competent writers, if no geniuses, who, like writers elsewhere in the United States, have a local standing equal to that of a second-string halfback on the university football team, which is pretty good for literary men and women.

Portland has perhaps the best newspaper not only on the Pacific Coast, but west of the Hudson. This is the *Oregonian*, nigh a century old, which though like other newspapers has been forced to carry comic strips, columnists and poll-takers has, unlike a majority of newspapers, managed to retain a highly literate and learned editorial page and also to cover its news beat in a careful and unusually comprehensive manner.

Portland is Oregon's metropolis, bursting its seams to contain a 450,000 population. It is what could be and often is known as an unprogressive city, quite in character with the state. It is also the most charming town on the West Coast. Its narrow streets, its many blocks of tree-lined parks in the very center of town, and its quite unhurried and casual way of conducting business or pleasure give it a distinctive flavor. I know nothing else like it in all the West. It is like

Boston in that visitors find it either hideous or wonderful, with no shadings.

Portland is the city that is always left out of the West Coast maps printed in *Life* and *Look*, greatly to the satisfaction of many a good citizen. It has troubles with airlines, which appear to consider it a flagstop. Its railroad station looks exactly like what it is—a brown stucco horror out of the nineteenth century. Its public auditorium is an unhappy rookery. But its leading hotel is a magnificent thing of brass and marble, of huge, high-ceilinged rooms, of broad verandas, and with the most spacious and distinctive dining room in the Northwest.

Portland is doubtless the only American city of its size where the leading tycoons of business get to the office at nine o'clock or earlier. And the town goes to bed shortly after sundown. There is a certain rusticity about Portland, for all of its neon lights, a country village atmosphere that is not to be dissipated by a few glass-block and chromium fronts. Far more in keeping with the town is the Yamhill Street market, a genuine farmers' market and not a super-colossal, a place of homely jerry-built stalls piled with produce and operated by people who come in daily from surrounding farms and make change out of tobacco boxes.

Portland is a sizable deep-sea port that ships lumber and grain all over the world; but its waterfront is distinctive not for the big freighters, but for the sternwheelers which day and night are moving vast tows of big logs either up or down the river. There are few sights like it left in America.

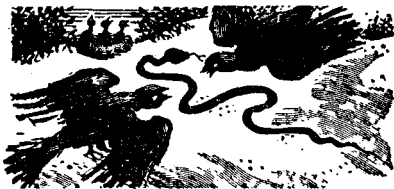
IV

The only unjust charge I can recall being thrown at Oregonians is that they are offish, even unfriendly, to visitors and new citizens. This is a canard of the basest kind. The people of Oregon are not so expansively friendly as most other Westerners. They are not the hearty back-slappers, the instantaneous "friends," the call-me-Charley boys with which the great American West is said to be swarming. Oregonians have a mild reticence with strangers which is thawed only by long and favorable acquaintance. Work as they will, the do-gooder clubs have failed to speed the process. Oregon still builds covered wooden bridges, and Oregonians still, and most properly, are somewhat chary of new things and new acquaintances until they are proved. They are, as sure as you live, less impressed by native or imported mountebanks than any other people in the whole West. This puts Oregon in a high and distinguished position in the list of states.



DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE PHANTOM OF FEAR

THE experience of fear is as valuable and necessary in the world of nature as any of the other great aboriginal feelings and drives and impulses: hunger, lust, exuberation, weariness, or rage. A fox incapable of fear would not prowl and caper for very long under the cold moon. Fear is a part of the naturalness of things, and in its way a constructive gift. The brief, quick stab of fear is a part of the "edge," the tang, that an animal's life has. It does not dye the life with doom; but it darts in, as a swift periodic messenger, to set feet running and adrenalin pumping, and to sharpen eyes and ears and make strong muscles stronger.

That is what fear is in the naturalness of things. That is what it is to a rabbit: a sudden startling whisper — "Weasel!" — and then a tumult of attempted escape; and then the whisper of fear dies away as abruptly as it came; and then the rabbit is restored to its rabbitry peace again. Fear speaks its quick whisper to the animals, and

then is gone. When it goes, it goes as hunger goes, after eating. The strike of fear is quick and clean. Nor is it a constantly recurring experience, nor even a very common one. The things to strike fear into an animal are only the actual lively perils encountered in living: the actual enemy, here and now; the actual injury, here and now. An animal, even a rabbit, may pass many days without hearing the sharp whisper of fear at all, but only giving itself over to its good enjoyments.

That is the way fear is, in the naturalness of things. But in the case of the creature called man, it is something altogether other and awful. We go bowed-down with fear, tangled and fettered in fear, our days black and bitter with it. Fear waits behind every tree; it tinges the remembrance of every yesterday; it stains the promise of each tomorrow. We do not look out upon the same fair summer evening that a fox looks out upon. For us, the dusk is full of goblins. Oh, not perhaps for all of us. But for all the great "civilized middle-class" human creatures . . . all the "white-collar" ones

... all the "properly raised" and "refined" and "respectable" ones ... for all these fear is a daily and hourly companion, its dreadful whisper in the ear a constant.

To psychiatrists our burden of fear is so primary a fact as to be commonplace, and they do not lack ready illustrations of its working among us. We try to swallow and stifle our fears, and they cry out in an ulcer. We try to still the urge of our feet to run, and what runs is our bowel, in a nervous colitis. Fear-haunted, we feel our hearts pound and pump and labor, and presently there is a little despatch in the newspapers: "Executive Dies Suddenly of Coronary Thrombosis." How many faces are twitched by tics? How many thousands of us are made wretched by a terror of high places, or a terror of blood, or an endless sweat of self-consciousness? How many millions more find their days poisoned by the most ghastly and gruelling of all the fears: the vague, pervading, featureless fear that is a general anxiety? Plainly enough, fear plays in our lives a rôle monstrously huge.

It falls properly to a naturalist, as to a psychiatrist, to consider the question: Why? What has happened to (so to speak) our fox stalwartness, our squirrel confidence, our woodchuck contentment? Why do we go shaken and timid and tense?

II

Obviously, since we have greater endowments of perception and imagination than animals do, and since our

civilization is a rushing, clanging thing abounding in innumerable actual hazards, from auto-traffic to atom bombs, a certain amount of human fearfulness is grounded in good reason. It is a more stressful business for a clerk to earn a living than for a rabbit to find a sufficiency of good green grass. It puts more strain on the nerves to get across a city street than to stroll across a ferny forest-clearing. But the human animal, like most other animals, is happily a tough organism of great adaptability; and were these real fears the only terrors to be borne we might adjust to them as satisfactorily as a fox can adjust to the roaring motor highways that run through what was once the green quiet of the woods. It is not these real fears that make all the tenseness and tics and trembling. It is the fears that lie within. These are the deadly phantoms.

What happens to a human child is a kind of thing that happens to no other animal on earth. It is a catastrophe that has two parts. In the first place, the youngster finds itself in a world of elders who are themselves terrified: knotted with worries, anxieties, hesitations and dire misgivings, all of which make up a life-mood that is communicated to the child with a terrible intensity. In the second place, as the child grows it finds itself tugged and urged by a variety of perfectly natural drives — impulsions as natural to a young Two-Legs as to any furry Four-Legs — and it is simultaneously told that virtually every one of these is somehow sinful or shameful or

wrong. There is set in motion a deadly conflict, tearing the psyche and infecting it forever with deep guilts: a conflict between the enormous urgings of nature, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the desperate need to have the approval of the elders, to lose which means to lose love and security.

The first kind of fears — the fears communicated to a child by example — are of a thousand kinds. There comes to mind an experiment performed by John B. Watson. He presented a number of animals to a child, and found that the child manifested no fear toward any of them. Cats, snakes, dogs and rats . . . none aroused anything but a healthily alert interest. Then Watson presented to the child a white rat, and, just as the child was stretching out its hands toward it, the psychologist struck a clashing blow against a steel bar that hung behind the child. The child was naturally startled and frightened. After an interim, Watson repeated the procedure. Only a few repetitions were required before the child manifested startled terror at any appearance of a white rat. Significantly, it manifested the same terror thenceforth on being presented with any sort of white furry object at all.

Few children have to hear the clang of a steel bar; but fear is communicated to them in many similar ways. The child puts its dirty finger in its mouth, and it sees its mother's fear-stricken face and hears her panicky intake of breath. The child cuts its

finger, and thinks as little of its injury as a fox thinks of a cut paw; but then it sees blanched faces, contemplating the blood, and it hears a great tumult of people rushing for antiseptics, and an agonized voice is saying: "Does it hurt *terribly*?" A child is constantly hearing anxious whispered scraps of conversation: the ghastly pain that Mrs. So-and-So is having . . . the awful business of how Mr. Thus-and-Such has lost his money . . . murmur-murmur about how excruciatingly important it is always to do the right thing and never to make a misstep. A struck steel bar, in childhood, can make a grown man obscurely terrified of every white thing he encounters. The whole pervasive atmosphere of a respectable childhood can make the grown man obscurely terrified of everything there is.

Already dyed with a vague general alarm, the child is now subjected to the tearing conflict, between natural urge and elder commandment, from which are born the deepest and darkest phantoms of fear. Nature has put in him a certain urge to aggression. It is in him as it is in a young fox. But he finds that to let it show is to be disapproved for "rough-house," for "not being a little gentleman." On the other hand, he is given in the naturality of things deep impulses of relish for the wonder of the world: an animal life-delight that in human beings becomes the thing called love of beauty. But he finds that to let this show is to be scorned as somehow weak and not quite manly. His bursts

of animal altruism are an imprudent foolishness; his natural urge to laziness and vagabondage is not respectable; his mammalian urge to sleep as much or as little as he wants, and to eat only when he is hungry, he finds to be an absurd eccentricity and counter to the insistent rules of eight hours and three meals. At virtually every point there comes the head-on collision between what his nature as an animal urges him to do and what he must do if he would not encounter dreaded disapproval and rejection.

Nature is immeasurably strong, so strong that in these conflicts it is bound to triumph again and again. Pre-eminently is this so, of course, in the matter of sexuality. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, that prodigious zoologist who has lately turned his attention from the study of gall-wasps to the study of the sexual life of the human creature, has established statistically a truth long familiar: that sexual drive (and power) is at its most tremendous during precisely those young years when, in our society, its exercise is a forbidden thing, a thing not even to be whispered about, a thing of shame and sin. Nature being nature, the great drive of young sexuality is simply insuppressible. And so it comes about that in every youth "dreadful" things are done; the elders are disobeyed; the law is broken. There grows in the depths of the psyche a

phantom of guilt, a phantom of fear, a dark pervasive terror of retribution. It will not down, ever. Twenty years later its harbinger — preyed-on by a vague torment of ever-present anxiety, a taut sense of perpetual worry and unease — is engaged in communicating this life-mood to *his* young one, infecting him with the terror of the world.

Out in the woods and fields the animals go their good ways, able to enjoy the abundant excellences of the adventure of being alive. They have nothing to fear but this pounce, these talons, this snap of an enemy's jaws. But by the thousands we human creatures go through the same sun-warmed and grass-green world and must shiver with fear at every step of the way. Danger is behind that bush; doom is hidden in this tree; there is a thing of dread lurking just yonder. For fear does not come to us from without, to whisper its occasional warning. The whisper of fear is perpetual, omnipresent, not to be located; for what whispers is a phantom within.

A distinguished psychiatrist the other day made a grim and very true remark. What is surprising, he said, is not that so many of us are crippled by neuroses and phobias. The really surprising thing — and a great tribute it is, too, to our species' extraordinary toughness and nervous endurance — is that we are not all screaming mad.



LOLA MONTEZ, THE COUNTESS LIZZIE

BY SIBYL WALKER

THE beautiful and incomparable Lola Montez, who made something of a noise in the courts of Europe a century ago, has never been long out of the Sunday supplements. She was the toast, as the rich phrase has it, of crowned heads and belted earls. She also served competently as mistress to a famous musician and lived openly in sin with an author, A. Dumas, who ran the well-known fiction factory in Paris. Lola, say the Sunday magazine writers in chorus, took London by storm, and had New York at her feet, which were rather large and called for a size eight. What is not so widely known is that Lola's sudden drop into obscurity in her day was brought about by a thorough debunking by Californians.

It seems strange that Californians should ever have debunked anything phony or synthetic; but then, those were other times, when rugged Forty-Niners, for all their earthiness, saw with clear eyes. What they did to Lola Montez was a caution. Their japes and gags and Bronx cheers laid her low; she was never again the darling of dukes; indeed, she was

never again even a drawing card in the theatre.

Known at odd times as Countess of Landsfield and Baroness Rosenthal, Lola Montez was no more Spanish than she was of noble birth. She was born Elizabeth Dolores Gilbert in a garrison at Limerick, Ireland, of an Irish mother and a lieutenant in an Irish regiment. The Dolores part of Lizzie's name was tucked in as an afterthought by her mother, a woman much given to reading poetry and romantic novels about Spanish grandees.

In 1824, when Lizzie was six years old, her father was transferred to a post in India. He took his family along. They had scarcely arrived when Lieut. Gilbert was seized with fever and died. His good friend, a Captain Craigie, piously took over the widow and married her. Craigie, who was no slouch, was on the way to promotion and pay. Two years later he was a colonel, Mrs. Craigie was an Anglo-Indian station queen and little Lizzie — henceforth Lola — was the darling of the regiment.

Lola was sent to boarding school in

SIBYL WALKER'S last previous contribution to the MERCURY was an appreciation of Abigail Duniway, the West Coast suffragette. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon, a student of American history, and, in private life, the wife of Stewart H. Holbrook.

England and a bit later, in the manner of the time, went to a finishing school in Paris. While there she ran off with a penniless subaltern named James. They fought from the start, and James finally left her, taking a brother officer's wife with him. Lola next had a liaison with a British officer which resulted in scandal. Her family disowned her.

Closely after this event there appears on the scene not Mrs. Lola James or Lola Gilbert, but Lola Montez, a Spanish dancer. Passion rather than grace was what she put into her dancing, if authorities of the period are to be trusted. But all who saw were struck with her amazing beauty. She could not sing, she could not dance, she could not act; but for that mysterious characteristic which the French call *je-ne-sais-quoi* she was Eve, Sappho and Messalina all rolled into one bundle. She was tall, says her best biographer, Horace Wyndham, and slim, with great deep eyes.

II

The success of Lola Montez as a Spanish dancer was immediate. Command performances came at Berlin and St. Petersburg, and later in Belgium and Poland. She took time off to carry on an affair with Alexandre Dumas, *père*, the mass-production literary man; and she was credited with breaking up the marriage of Franz Liszt, the composer and musician, with whom she casually lived for several months. Then she

got down to real business. Going to Bavaria, she managed to give a private dancing performance for Ludwig the King.

King Ludwig was 60 years of age. A lusty life had brought him to the brink of senility, yet the gorgeous therapy of the dance as rendered by Señorita Montez seemed to remove at least two decades and he became as hearty as a goat. In five weeks he had made Lizzie a baroness, in two weeks more a countess, and, it was believed, a mistress as well.

It was all pretty much for a 27-year-old girl, and she began to show off, playing the *grande dame* in the fashion expected of a parvenu. She liked to ride through the streets on horseback, using a whip on anyone who got in the way. She enjoyed insulting the Bavarian ministers and other officials, and making Ludwig's court hell for all to whom she took a dislike.

Old Ludwig, still not content, had a genuine castle complete with moats and towers rigged up for his new countess, and here she held morning levees, receiving guests in a canopied bed. In the evening she held grand balls. When out riding she insisted that the King's own bodyguards attend her. They did, too.

All of this obviously drained a lot of money from the public coffers. The year was 1847, just before the lid was to blow off nearly all the monarchies in Europe, or at least to cause them to tremble visibly. The peasants and the village proletariat were be-

ginning to bay. Karl Marx was just around the next corner.

Quiet Bavaria exploded overnight. Mobs swarmed in the streets of Munich. Some local Marat pointed to Lola's castle, and remarked that it was a pretty elegant place for the king to keep a harlot at public expense. The mob attacked, beating up Lola's guards and servants, and setting fire to the interior of the castle. Lola picked up a few things and got out.

Going to Paris, she returned to the theatre. Her appeal was greater than ever, one French observer writing that the stage door was surrounded nightly by a group of boulevardiers "panting like a pack of male dogs." For the next two years she did very well as a dancer. Then, hearing of the vast amounts of money Americans were prepared to spend to look on European celebrities, she took ship to New York, arriving in 1851.

Lola's press agent must have been an able man, for the advance publicity was quite marvelous. Manhattan newspapers were gorged with stories about this Spanish-dancing countess who had "known all the royalty of Europe and had rocked empires with her beauty." It was all wonderful stuff calculated to astound and charm the provincial New Yorkers. Lola opened to as grand an audience as the city could offer.

III

The woman had a remarkable run in New York, due less, perhaps, to her ability than to a desire of the citizens

to see exactly what a king's mistress looked like. After playing to packed houses for better than a year and a half, she observed signs of lessening interest. Lola did not wait longer. She took a boat around the Horn for California. The ship was the *North-erner*, and dim newspaper clippings reveal that the countess acted coy on the voyage — coy, that is, in a manner since attributed to a movie star of Swedish birth: Lola kept to her stateroom and wore a heavy veil when she came on deck to take the air. To make certain she was recognized, however, she wore a riding habit that happened to be crimson.

The *Northerner* landed in San Francisco on the evening of May 21, 1853, and the dock was crowded with plug-hatted merchants and red-shirted miners, all come to see what a countess looked like. Men howled like mating wolves and fired their revolvers as the trim figure in bright red came down the gangplank. It was an ovation in the best tradition of the Old West.

Then Lola made a mistake. She carried her coyness too far. She kept strictly to her hotel suite for five days, not so much as showing herself in the lobby or at a window. The rugged Forty-Niners did not like such fancy doings; this was no way for the purtiest gal in camp to act. They wanted to see her dance, to hear her sing. The papers had had everybody agog before she had landed; now she was not coming across.

But still the hospitable Californians

kept their minds open. Lola Montez hats made their appearances in local millinery shops. A mare named Lola Montez won three straight heats on a local track. Some genius of behind-the-bar science concocted a Lola Montez cocktail, reputed to have been as smooth as it was powerful.

At last Lola opened in a play, a little number called *Lady Teazle*. It was a dreadful flop. She soon saw that although San Francisco might be a pack of miners and gamblers in leather boots, it was not to be gulled into thinking she was an actress. She immediately changed her plan. She gave them the works. This was her famous Spider Dance, considered at that time the last thing in theatrical pornography. Today, it doubtless would not raise an eyebrow. But it was hot stuff in a day when few women had legs. It packed them in.

A little later Lola gave a benefit performance for the local fire laddies, which netted them almost \$30,000. (Seats were as high as \$300 each, by auction.) The firemen attended in uniform and in a body. At the end of the Spider Dance they arose as one man and cheered as only firemen with six or eight Lola Montez cocktails under their red shirts could cheer. They not only cheered, they threw their gorgeous helmets onto the stage until it was piled high. This was considered a fireman's utmost accolade. Lola was the darling of San Francisco.

Next, Lola married, at what passed as a magnificent wedding, one Patrick Hull, a local politician and editor of the San Francisco *Whig*. The governor of California attended the ceremony, along with two thousand others, and kissed the bride. He confided to a friend that the kiss had been something like kissing an open electric wire.

After a brief honeymoon, Lola took her troupe to Sacramento. The first-night audience was only fair-to-middling warm about her performance. Lola let her not-too-happy temper rise. She stopped in the middle of her act, stepped out of character and let go a string of abuse that wound up with a reference to a pack of louts, which many took to mean the audience. Some of the boys in the bald-headed row related that she actually cursed and used obscenities that would have curled the hair of a miner.

Next day the editor of the *Daily Californian* let her have it. He was soberly critical of her performance as an actress and closed his review with a stinging remark about the fishwife manners of the alleged countess. What happened next is almost beyond belief: Lola sent the editor a gaudy challenge to a formal duel with her. It was in her own handwriting. The editor might choose his own weapons, she wrote; either her dueling pistols, or he might pick one pill from a box which contained two, one of sugar, one of poison. (This latter offer was probably an old Castilian custom.)

The editor ran the challenge in a column next to the *Marine News* and paid it no further heed.

Lola moved her troupe to Marysville, then on to other back-country points. The reception became steadily worse. Boos and vulgar noises greeted the Spider Dance. Even in the small towns, what passed for drama critics were snickering in print. Lola took the hint. As other thespians have done on such occasions, she decided to retire for a while.

IV

Señorita Montez bought a place in Grass Valley, then one of the most important towns in California, and built what she said was a villa. She dug up two rather dubious "nephews" of Victor Hugo from some mining camp to grace her salon, and attracted various other odd characters, of whom there were many in the region. Among other entertainments, Lola set up a fox-hunting mob. They galloped through the countryside, chasing foxes or whatever else turned up, their horns startling the hard-working miners and honest prostitutes. She was playing at the *grande dame* thing again, apparently forgetting she was in frontier America and not in Europe.

She bought a large live bear and chained him to a post near the entrance to her villa. A fierce stallion ran wild on her place. She also had a large mastiff running loose, and a pack of loud and lousy hounds. A feature of the villa was a parrot, the ungodly

cursing of which is said to have been heard in the village, almost half a mile away.

Meanwhile, she wrote a play, and imported a gang of semi-professional actors. The play was produced locally, and Lola sent free tickets to several hundred local citizens, whom she often referred to as her serfs and retainers. Only a few serfs showed up for the première, among them being Henley Shipley, editor of the nearby Marysville *Herald*, an ornament to the Fourth Estate if ever there was one. Mr. Shipley saw the play and went to his office to compose a column or so of unmerciful panning. He said the show was an insult to the intelligence of a pack-rat, and added to his review a number of similar trimmings in best mining-camp style. It was probably as forthright treatment in the press as Lola had ever seen.

Lola grabbed her riding whip and went to Marysville. Meeting Editor Shipley on the street she went at him in a fury. He disarmed her, broke the whip, and went about his business. The best thing Lola could think of at this point was to write a letter full of infantile abuse of Grass Valley and its citizens, which she sent to the editor of the Nevada City *Standard*. I have read the letter carefully, and it was obviously written by a person of unsound mind. From about this point onward, the path was downhill all the way.

A bit later, Lola gave out the news that she had been approached by "certain high Southern gentlemen"

who proposed to have California secede from the North and to make Lola a sort of Imperatrix of the new kingdom. She was happily surprised when the newspapers, which had tired of her, gave the announcement prominence. A few days later Lola informed the newspaper editors of the region that her Southern backers were about to build a castle for her on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. The affair was actually a pure hoax, the idea for which had come from young bloods of Grass Valley and Marysville. They had written long letters to the Montez woman and had had them delivered, at night, by a mysterious messenger. The editors were in cahoots with the hoaxers, and composed long editorials which gravely considered the coming kingdom and its handsome ruler.

Finally it dawned on Lola that she was being made the butt of a statewide gag. In June of 1855 she suddenly sold her Grass Valley villa and went to San Francisco, where she booked passage for Australia. The sunkist

state had been a bit too much for her.

When the ship was about to sail, Lola appeared on deck, apparently expecting, through the sheer force of her incredible vanity, a farewell ovation from the crowded dock. She got it. It was a chorus of what are now known as Bronx cheers, which, considering the California style of 1855, must have been the meanest, nastiest Bronx cheers ever heard. Thus Lizzie Montez sailed through the Golden Gate, a vast echo in her royal ears.

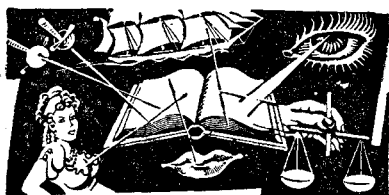
Australia didn't care for her either. The story of her phony doings had arrived ahead of her and her sole appearance was a flop. On the way back to New York City, Lola made one more attempt in San Francisco. She announced that she would perform her Spider Dance at the American theatre. A few curious Chinese dribbled in at curtain-time, but that was all. She sailed next day for New York where she died in 1861. She was 43 years old, and almost wholly forgotten.

PHRASE ORIGINS—46

PYRRHIC VICTORY: *New York City Councilman Eugene Connolly termed the repeal of proportional representation in the city a "pyrrhic victory" for the major parties. This type of triumph, which costs more than it gains, receives its name from King Pyrrhus of Epirus, in Greece. He invaded Italy and defeated the Romans at Heraclea in 280 B.C., and again at Asculum a year later. However, his triumphs never enabled him to win the war. He himself was wounded and many of his men were killed in one engagement, so that he is reported by Plutarch to have said, "Another such victory and we are undone."*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

THE LIBRARY



HAWTHORNE AND AMERICAN FICTION

by *IRVING HOWE*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was one of the first American writers whose work was of value in itself and not merely as a footnote to national history. He was also one of the first American writers who had a pressing, if unexplicated, notion of what it meant to be an artist—the one passion he seldom denied himself was his need to write. But for his critics there has always been at least one puzzling problem in the study of his career: what was the relationship between his placid life and the agitated quality of his work? He lived quietly; he married a New England maiden of the sort D. H. Lawrence was later to brand as white-souled; he was tolerably shrewd in business matters and managed to wrench a few jobs from a government notoriously indifferent to its artists. Only his

habitual withdrawal from human society might have marked him as “different,” but was a recluse so unusual in a New England that had learned to take for granted its wonderful cranks, dreamers and hermits?

His life was conventional, but his work is bold, forever verging on passions he consciously repelled but could not forsake. The Hawthorne who found nude statues distasteful could also write that “guilt has its moments of rapture, too.” The Hawthorne who had secluded himself for twelve years after being graduated from college was yet to be drawn to “those dark caverns into which all men must descend, if they would know anything beneath the surface and illusive pleasures of existence.” He led a spotless life, but his mind was obsessed by sin—not this or the other sin, but sin in its generalized and universal dimensions, clinging to man like his very skin. True, thoughts of sin had been familiar enough to New Englanders, but could many

IRVING HOWE, whose appraisal of recent Southern writing appeared in last October's *MERCURY*, is a young critic who has written extensively on literary and political subjects for *Partisan Review*, *Commentary* and a wide variety of other magazines.

Puritans have accepted the view of sin held by the creator of Hester Prynne and Miriam Schaefer?

Instinctively, D. H. Lawrence sensed that in Hawthorne there had burned some of his own dark passion: "that blue-eyed Nathaniel knew disagreeable things about the human soul." Indeed, he did; again and again the blue-eyed Nathaniel was tempted by the theme that a violation of moral order might be the necessary beginning of mature experience. But it was not out in the open, self-proclaimed, as with Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson; it was devious, hidden, unacknowledged.

Professor Randall Stewart, one of the foremost Hawthorne scholars and the editor of his notebooks, has recently published a short biography: *Nathaniel Hawthorne* [\$4.00, Yale]. In some ways, it is a very useful book. Stewart's account of Hawthorne's life is both orderly and compressed; it includes some new material though, so far as I can judge, nothing so essential that our vision of Hawthorne need be changed. While valuable as an introductory biography, Stewart's book is unsatisfactory as serious criticism. Had he used one or another provocative critical approach — intense textual analysis of Hawthorne's books, psychological probing into his personality, filling in of the sociological background of his era — the book, even if faulty, would have been far more interesting than it is. But Stewart seems so indifferent to the

critical difficulties and psychological tangles in his subject that if we did not have his word for it we could hardly believe that the benign gentleman he describes is also the author of *The Scarlet Letter*.

Let us glance at two central instances of Stewart's lack of intellectual curiosity. He gravely notes that Sophia Peabody was "a semi-invalid" who "suffered from a chronic headache" before she married Hawthorne and that the headaches "abated after marriage." And that is all. Now it takes no very profound knowledge of modern psychology to realize that Sophia's symptoms suggest a fairly common pattern of neurotic disturbance. A biographer, even when he legitimately refuses to play the amateur Freud, should at least look into such matters. He need not hazard rash speculations about Sophia's "frigidity" or Nathaniel's "narcissism," but he cannot write simply as if Freud had never dented his mind. Or at least he should not.

Of Stewart's 265 pages only some two dozen are exclusively devoted to Hawthorne's writing. (One would think that the most important part of a great writer's life is his writing.) Stewart does notice some of Hawthorne's ideas, and so far as it goes his discussion of them is quite good. But he treats these ideas as if they were independent abstractions, and fails to judge the novels as works of art in which ideas may be imbedded but which suffer if reduced to bare ideas. What is the pattern and value of

The Scarlet Letter as a dramatic structure? Why does *The Blithedale Romance* shift so sharply in tone about mid-way? Why is Hawthorne's prose so virile in the former novel and often so vapid and stilted in the latter one? Who is the passionate woman that stalks through most of his novels, soaked in guilt yet far more vibrant than any of his other characters; and what possible relationship does she have to his private life? These are a few of the more obvious problems raised by a reading of Hawthorne's work, but it would seem that to Professor Stewart they are not consequential or interesting. Or so it appears from his failure to discuss them.

II

Robert Cantwell, author of *Nathaniel Hawthorne: The American Years* [\$6.00, Rinehart], is not an academic critic. To challenge the usual somber portraits drawn by Hawthorne biographers, he has written a quite unconventional biography.

His method might be called biography through atmospheric accretion. He has immersed himself deeply in the social atmospheres of mid-nineteenth century New England and has dredged old records, memoirs and newspapers for the minutiae of life that might lend his book a sense of historical immediacy. He has documented the manners of Hawthorne's time in such rich detail that one often regrets the appearance in the book of Hawthorne himself — by comparison, Salem seems more vivid.

But soon Cantwell's method becomes a literary Frankenstein. The sheer outpouring of his material, unsorted and unchanneled, clots one's powers of reception. Here are a few of the stray items one finds in this biography: the cargo list (including one elephant) of the ship captained by Hawthorne's father in 1795; a report of the battle off Salem between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* in the war of 1812 ("at 3:30 the *Shannon* bore up . . . at 4:30 the wind changed to a fresh breeze . . . at 5:45 the *Chesapeake* hauled her foresail. . . ."); the business worries of his friend, Horatio Bridge, with figures attached; a résumé of the battle of Concord, perhaps included because Hawthorne lived in Concord some 70 years later; a detailed report of the honeymoon of Horace Mann, Hawthorne's brother-in-law; and a description of the adventures in Cuba of John O'Sullivan, editor of a magazine for which Hawthorne wrote, this description breaking into the midst of an analysis of *The Scarlet Letter*.

III

While at variance in other respects, both writers develop essentially the same major thesis. Each amasses evidence to prove that Hawthorne could make his way in the world when he had to, that he was not at all moony or Byronic, and that he could make friends with simple folk on his trips through the countryside. Cantwell rejects the prevalent "narrow and lop-sided" portrait of Hawthorne

with "its angular shadows, its El Greco distortions, its melancholy, its brooding seclusion," and insists that Hawthorne led "an active and vigorous life of considerable excitement and some hazard." Similarly, though more cautiously, Stewart says that Hawthorne "was scarcely the lonely hermit of romantic legend."

After having attended quite carefully to both writers' claims, I am unable to see that there was any "considerable excitement" or "hazard" in Hawthorne's life other than the excitement that floods a great writer's mind or the hazard of his struggle to remain alive in this world. These seem sufficiently exciting and hazardous to me, but it is clear that Cantwell means something else, something more worldly. He hints, but does not prove, that Hawthorne was a secret government agent, he notes that on a number of his trips Hawthorne happened to visit places where catastrophes had recently occurred. In any case, what is the great virtue of showing that a man blessed with a superb creative imagination was also vigorously "normal" unless there is some distrust of the imagination hidden in Mr. Cantwell's mind?

No serious biographer has denied that Hawthorne's life was marked by intermittent surface activity. The point is, however, that he repeatedly withdrew from the worldly affairs to which financial need drove him, and in his letters and journals expressed his distaste for them. After he had spent twelve years in the family

house at Salem writing stories, he wrote to Longfellow: "I have made a captive of myself and put me in a dungeon and now I cannot find the keys to let me out . . . there is no fate in this world so horrible as to have no share in its joys or sorrows. For the last ten years I have not lived but only dreamed of living." I submit that these sentences explain what is most important for an understanding of Hawthorne the writer, and I find it most curious that neither Stewart nor Cantwell quote them.

No one has seriously maintained that Hawthorne was a tongue-tied hermit, with or without El Greco distortions; critics have claimed that there was a significant split between his external life and his inner creative self. Otherwise, how explain the dark and turbid romances he wrote, their preoccupation with such matters as pride and isolation, sin and retribution? How explain that during the years after his marriage to Sophia, presumably among the happiest of his life, he wrote some of his most somber stories? The thesis advanced by Stewart and Cantwell fails to stand up in relation to Hawthorne's work; in fact, they do not even try to re-examine the work in the light of their new approach to the man.

So sober a critic as Austin Warren, editor of the Hawthorne volume of the "American Writers Series," finds that "there were at least three Hawthornes: the man of affairs . . . ; the quietly cheerful observer, with a taste for realism . . . ; and last, the

hidden spirit who never appeared in company or even revealed himself to his wife and children, the Hawthorne who sat at his desk in a lonely chamber, the haunted mind." Warren's version of Hawthorne is preferable to the buoyant bourgeois portrayed by Cantwell and Stewart, not because a haunted mind is so much more *fun* for the modern intellectual than a normal one might be, but because the work of Hawthorne is so obviously the product of a haunted mind. Only by acknowledging the neurotic, sin-entranced, guilt-heavy Hawthorne is it possible to explain the fact that he wrote his own novels. Hawthorne was Hawthorne, not Washington Irving. And if there must be a choice between El Greco distortions and Franz Hals heartiness, then for Hawthorne the writer it is El Greco who is more relevant.

IV

No portrait of Hawthorne, said Henry James, "is at all exact which fails to insist upon the constant struggle which must have gone on between his shyness and his desire to know something of life; between what may be called his evasive and inquisitive tendencies." This remark, if taken together with another one by James — "Emerson, as a sort of spiritual sun-worshipper, could have attached but moderate value to Hawthorne's catlike faculty for seeing in the dark" — provides a workable basis for Hawthorne criticism.¹

Throughout his life but especially

in the earlier years, Hawthorne was involved in what we should now call a crisis of belief. The prevalent temper of his life-outlook was skeptical; he could summon no large or monolithic enthusiasms, and he was stirred by none of the major causes of his day. In fact, he persistently suspected the intellect as a faculty which, if left to itself and untempered by emotion, could betray men into overestimating their possibilities and powers. Many of his short stories are allegorical variations on this theme; Dr. Rappaccini and Ethan Brand are guilty of the "sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims."

Unable to accept the faith of his forefathers but linked to them by emotional ties, Hawthorne believed that, for all the rigidity and rancor of their doctrine, the Puritans had looked deeply into the human soul, far more so than the liberal ministers of his day. He felt too that, no matter how distasteful as a theological doctrine or disastrous as a practical morality, the notion of "original sin" suggested something vastly consequential about human beings and, if reduced from system to insight, could be defended on empirical grounds.

¹ These James quotations are taken from his book-length study of Hawthorne, which can be found in Edmund Wilson's anthology, *The Shock of Recognition*. James' study remains the best available. In Wilson's book may also be found D. H. Lawrence's perceptive remarks on Hawthorne in his *Studies in Classic American Literature*, as well as articles on Hawthorne by Poe and Melville.

As a nineteenth-century American he could not acquiesce in Puritan dogma, but as a man free from much of the fatuity of his time he found the romantic idealism of the Transcendentalists both trivial and unrealistic.

The same problem of belief existed in other fields. He was a political democrat by virtue of his hesitations rather than his convictions; he distrusted reformers, was antipathetic to the Abolitionists, and adhered to that wing of the Democratic party which tried to patch up a truce with the slave-owning South. In an age glowing with belief, his mind was cluttered with reservations. The breakdown of faith in God, human nature, and world progress that was to sweep the world a bit later was already foreshadowed in his life. He did not formalize these opinions but they became the buried foundations for his visible works.

Hawthorne the skeptic was also the recluse who brooded, says Newton Arvin in his excellent *Hawthorne* (1929), "on the black fatalities of human error and vice" because "of his own somber consciousness of separation from the ways of his fellow men — a consciousness in which the sense of guilt luxuriates like noisome growths in a swamp." And it seems to me that, though Hawthorne was not nearly so self-conscious about the rôle of the artist in the world as James was to be, the "somber consciousness" of which Arvin speaks must to some extent have been the result of his isolation as a writer in his early years.²

Yet this is only one side, the more frequently stressed side, of Hawthorne's creative personality. One cannot read his novels without seeing that in addition to the skeptic and recluse there is the eager searcher into human experience, the Hawthorne that James called "inquisitive." This is the Hawthorne who burrows into moral dilemmas, yearns for the full stream of experience to inundate preconception and dogma, and is simultaneously attracted and repelled by creatures of passion and outlaws of the soul who dare what he himself never dared or desired to dare. Hawthorne's mind was mild, conventional, rationalistic and with little intellectual power; his creative personality was intensely passionate, eagerly receptive and sometimes even richly chthonic. It would be an oversimplification to see these two strands in invariable opposition, for what one isolates for analysis is always inextricable in actuality. But the two strands, I think, were there.

Something of the sort can be seen in his life, too. His calm years were punctuated by a few adventures, a *few raids on experience*. Perhaps the most interesting of these was his brief participation in Brook Farm. Most critics have fumbled this incident, not knowing how to explain the fact that Hawthorne, who certainly never

² I should add, in passing, that in my opinion Hawthorne, though isolated for years, was not "alienated" from his society as a good number of contemporary writers seem to be. Hawthorne may have felt his rôle as an artist imposed an undesirable separation on him, but there is no reason to believe that he found himself at fundamental odds with the society of his time.

agreed with the reformers, threw himself into Brook Farm with immense, though short-lived, energy. Stewart says Hawthorne joined Brook Farm in order to find a way to support his future wife. That hardly seems a sufficient reason, since it is unlikely that the hard-headed Hawthorne could have believed the cooperative farm a good financial investment. Is it not rather more likely that he was seeking, without quite realizing it himself, a direct source of human experience, a way of participating in some venture even if it were one about which he could not help being skeptical?

This possible interpretation is reinforced by a re-reading of *The Blithedale Romance*. The novel's narrator, Coverdale, obviously intended as a mildly ironic self-portrait, recalls his experience at Blithedale (Brook Farm) with a blend of nostalgia and distaste. He cannot accept the ideas that motivated its founders, and is appalled by what he feels was their fanatical, inhuman single-mindedness. Hollingsworth, the caricatured reformer, was "wasting all the warmth of his heart" on a "cold spectral monster" to which he had "grown to be a bond-slave. It was his philanthropic theory."

Simultaneously Coverdale, looking back from his withered bachelorhood, is proud that at least once in his life he was bold enough to plunge. "Whatever else I repent of," he insists, "let it be reckoned neither among my sins or my follies that I once had force and faith enough to form gen-

erous hopes of the world's destiny. . . ." Yet he is neither sentimental nor deluded by these memories: he realizes how difficult it is for an intellectual to participate in social ventures and he knows too that what one hopes may begin as a raid on experience can become an evasion of it. "I was beginning to lose the sense of what kind of world it was, among innumerable schemes of what it might or ought to be."

v

When we turn to Hawthorne's novels and stories, do we not find that they too, like his life, are characterized by persistent but inconclusive skirmishes with an elusive demon of experience? On the one hand, he tried to abstract the patterns of life into allegory; he was familiar enough with Puritan dialectic to be able to see one thing as an emblem of another. But where he wrote allegories, as in most of his short stories, his work was usually thin and mechanical, lacking the shock of contingency, the luxury of incident which one expects in fiction, and lacking any group of credible characters. On the other hand, when he tried to work up conventional realistic effects in *The House of Seven Gables*, he succeeded well enough but soon realized that the novel of social manners was not for him.

His finest work was done when he steered a course between allegory and surface realism, blending aspects of both but subordinating them to what we might call, for lack of a better

name, his "moral realism." *The Scarlet Letter*, a work of sustained passion, is in its way a deeper invasion of reality than Hawthorne ever negotiated in his life, at Brook Farm, in Italy where he came in middle age to find and hesitate before the sensuous warmth of Italian art, or anywhere else. As with all great writers, the energies of life were subsumed into art. Parts of *The Blithedale Romance* and *The Marble Faun* also reach this level of profound passion, in which Hawthorne's prose becomes wonderfully concrete and intense.

In *The Scarlet Letter* Hawthorne comes into closest relationship with that center of experience he always sought. Despite all the formal disavowals with which Hawthorne surrounds her, Hester Prynne is a living creature superior to all moral codes, just as life is superior to all theories about it. The palpable, what Henry James would call the felt experience, triumphs over the theoretic shadow. Hawthorne may write that Hester lived with "Shame, Despair and Solitude" but what lives in the novel is her pride and courage, her cry that "What we did has a consecration of its own. We felt it so!"

Much the same is true of the other novels. As Philip Rahv has pointed out in an essay on Hawthorne in his book *Object and Image* [\$4.00, New

Directions], there glides through Hawthorne's novels the figure of a "dark lady" who is the repository of all of his fascination for women of passion, as contrasted with the unsensual New England maidens. He feared and rejected the dark ladies but yet made them the most vivid characters in his romances. As we might phrase it now, his unconscious wishes endowed the dark ladies with a vividness and reality which his censorious consciousness would wish to repress. Miriam Schaefer in *The Marble Faun* suffers an unhappy end, but, somewhat like Milton's Satan, she remains in the reader's mind as the embodiment of those emotions and yearnings that must have seethed in Hawthorne but which he dared not acknowledge.

And so we find that Hawthorne, who hardly conquered many areas of experience in real life, turned to his inner self, there to release, and in turn inhibit, the passions and perceptions by means of which he could write his romances of moral choice and disorder. The evidence from his books would indicate that his self was rent by deep and painful conflicts, but in objective, external works of art he found a means of reconciling them. As with all great artists, imagination became the pathway to and the enlarger of experience.



THE CHECK LIST



(Continued from page 261)

who had inherited from his "father's side . . . a strong strain of imbecility," and from "his mother's one of paranoia." The book is thoroughly documented.

HORSECARS AND COBBLESTONES, by Sophie Ruskay. \$2.75. *Beechhurst*. This is a series of thinly connected sketches of life among some middle-class New York Jews who moved to the upper East Side at the turn of the century. On the whole, the book makes very amusing and delightful reading. The author's portraits of her parents, particularly her mother, are excellent. She also manages to get on paper the flavor of a whole family and a whole era. There are several good illustrations by her husband, Cecil B. Ruskay.

TOMORROW IS BEAUTIFUL, by Lucy Robins Lang. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Mrs. Lang, wife of Harry Lang, the able Sunday editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, has been one of the most active Socialist-liberal leaders in America. For some forty years she has participated in nearly every major battle in the interests of labor and civil rights, and she has won the friendship and admiration of such people as William Green, Eugene V. Debs, Samuel Gompers, Emma Goldman, and Tom Mooney. Her crusades to enlighten the workers about the horrors of Soviet Russia form no small part of her volume. Year in and year out she has pointed to Communist Russia's "bestial system for the enslavement of the human spirit." A very readable, truly inspiring book.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A CHARTER FOR WORLD TRADE, by Clair Wilcox, with a foreword by W. L. Clayton. \$4.50. *Macmillan*. A factual, dispassionate analysis of the trade conference held at Havana a year ago. Mr. Wilcox writes with restrained enthusiasm of the declarations for private enterprise, multilateralism, non-discrimination and economic democracy which were adopted at the conference, and he is naturally quite hopeful of the success of the International Trade Organization which was born there. He is, however, frank in facing up to the ITO's problems, which, as he sees them, stem from the non-participation and hostility of the USSR, the misgivings of the British and Latin Americans (both of whom were inclined to protectionism), and the fact that our own economic policy falls far short of meeting the ideals which we helped to shove down the throats of several dissenters at Havana. There is also a detailed report on the provisions of the charter, whose text is printed complete in an appendix.

FROM DAY TO DAY, by Odd Nansen. \$5.00. *Putnam*. The diary of a Norwegian artist and architect who spent most of the war in two Nazi concentration camps. Like many of his fellow-victims, Nansen seems to have been so overwhelmed by the purposeless, demonic sadism of his captors that he can report his experiences only in a mood of conscious understatement, and is forced, after 500 pages, to insist to his readers that "what happened was worse than you have

any idea of." Some thirty illustrations add greatly to the effectiveness of the text.

POPCORN ON THE GINZA, *An Informal Portrait of Postwar Japan*, by Lucy Herndon Crockett. \$3.50. *Sloane*. A lively and anecdotal survey of our postwar rule in Japan, seen through the prism of "the countless personal relationships between conqueror and conquered." Operating at the grass-roots level, the author found a vanquished people aping the victors' every mannerism, from fashion styles to walking gait, in a naïve effort to assimilate American democracy at double-quick tempo; and breaking down barriers of war-caused hostility by a frenzied and "often . . . freakish" zeal to be friendly and coöperative. At the same time, while terming our record in Japan "glittering" and without probing very deeply into political or economic factors, she does find cause for some misgivings. Her chief fear is that Japan's new spirit of democracy may prove no more than a dimly-comprehended alien philosophy, learned by rote since V-J Day and impotent to prevent a resurgence of feudalism and militarism once we depart. The book is brightened by charming brush drawings by the author.

PROSPECTS FOR DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN, by T. A. Bisson. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Mr. Bisson, a veteran Far East hand, who is here writing under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations, does not think highly of the prospects. But his principal thesis — that MacArthur's purges have not reached far enough into the reactionary Japanese bureaucracy to allow effective reform — can hardly be called original, and in this slender volume he does not provide much more than a rough sketch of a familiar liberal argument.

HISTORY

THE MYSTERY OF "A PUBLIC MAN," by Frank Maloy Anderson. \$3.75. *Minnesota*. The purpose of Professor Anderson's researches was to learn the identity of the au-

thor, and establish the authenticity, of an anonymous diary which was first published in the *North American Review* in 1879. The diary, which was printed only under the byline of "A Public Man," has been of interest to Lincoln scholars ever since its appearance, mainly because of a few interesting anecdotes about the President, and partly because of some local-color material about Washington in the early months of the Civil War. Professor Anderson appears to have proved that the diary (which he prints in full in an appendix) was not entirely genuine, and that it was actually written by several men — whom he names. But this volume will be chiefly of interest to laymen for its description of the elaborate detective methods which its author has pursued over a period of many years, rather than for what he has actually learned.

AN AMERICAN ENGINEER IN AFGHANISTAN, edited by Marjorie Jewett Bell. \$5.00. *Minnesota*. Here are the letters and notes of one of the first Americans permitted within the borders of the retarded and once-forbidden country of Afghanistan. A. C. Jewett was employed, in 1911, by the forward-looking ruler of this little kingdom to install a hydroelectric plant, an anachronism in this region of superstition. Though his original job was one of engineering, Jewett took on a number of other tasks, from acting as confidant of the Amir to doctoring the Afghans. He had a journalist's sense of newsworthy events, and luckily put them down on paper for posterity, thus compiling an original and diverting history of Afghanistan as it took its first painful steps toward contact with the Western world.

MUSIC

THE SYMPHONIES OF MOZART, by Georges De Saint-Foix. \$3.00. *Knopf*. There have been shifts in the critical evaluation of Mozart: for a while critics claimed that he was a greater operatic composer than a symphonist, and there have been times when critics thought exactly the opposite. M.

Saint-Foix feels more at home in the "symphonic school" of thought, and here he presents a thorough, learned, and extremely enlightening analysis of all the Mozartian symphonies—about fifty authenticated ones. The book apparently is addressed to professionals, but amateurs will find many inspiring and illuminating pages in it. There are many helpful musical illustrations, a detailed listing of the symphonies, a bibliography and a good index.

THE POCKET LIBRETTO LIBRARY. (4 volumes, boxed.) \$2.50. *Allen, Towne & Heath.* The four libretti here are of Verdi's *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto* and *Il Trovatore*, and Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*. The volumes are a bit smaller than pocket size and very durably and handsomely printed and bound. Each contains a brief sketch of the composer's life, a historical-critical note on the opera, the story of the opera, famous musical themes from it, recommended musical recordings—in addition to a translation of the libretto. Mr. Edward J. Dent did the translations, which is a guarantee of their quality. An excellent idea in musical publishing, and very well executed.

MUSIC REPORTER, 1947-48. \$24.00. *Music Reporter, Inc.* This handsomely bound volume contains all the music reviews, in their entirety, which appeared last season in the following New York papers: the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Sun*, the *World-Telegram* and the *Journal-American*. A monthly service is included for the price of the entire volume. A valuable book for professional musicians, and also of much interest to amateurs.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE HOME BOOK OF PROVERBS, MAXIMS AND FAMILIAR PHRASES, selected and arranged by Burton Stevenson. \$20.00 *Macmillan.* Mr. Stevenson, whose *Home Book of Verse*, *Home Book of Quotations*, and *Home Book of Shakespeare Quotations* are among the best standard reference

books in the language, adds measurably to his stature as a compiler with his present massive and wholly admirable volume. It traces "back to their sources the proverbs, maxims and familiar phrases in ordinary English and American use," shows "their development from the first crude expression of the idea to its streamlined modern form," and notes "the variations and perversions which, year after year, have been built around the central theme." Mr. Stevenson's researches, in some cases, lead him back some 6000 years to early Egyptian times. In each instance he gives the source and the date. Very often he also gives the language of the original source. There is an index of some 300, three-column pages, which must be a record of detail. Altogether there are 2957 pages—an elephant of a book, but rich with magnificent reading.

WORDS INTO TYPE. \$5.00. *Appleton-Century-Crofts.* Based on studies by Marjorie E. Skillin, Robert M. Gay and other authorities, this book offers writers, editors and proofreaders a rich and valuable assortment of excellent pointers with regard to such matters as typography, grammar, hackneyed phrases, the law of libel, the misuse of words, the misuse of prepositions, and the best ways of placing footnotes on a page. The advice is generally intelligent and sound, and the authors themselves reveal a commendable style. The index is sufficiently detailed.

CHAMBERS'S TECHNICAL DICTIONARY, edited by C. F. Tweney and L. E. C. Hughes. \$6.50. *Macmillan.* This is a new edition of a dictionary that has made a definite place for itself as a reference volume, virtually indispensable to magazine, newspaper and book publishers' editorial offices. Nearly every science is covered—astronomy, horology, engineering, medicine, mining, chemistry, geology, crystallography, architecture, zoology, psychology, and some fifty other subjects. The definitions are very clear, and, judging by the list of principal contributors, authoritative.

THE OPEN FORUM



DO WOMEN WANT TO BE SLAVES?

We have received a tremendous number of letters on Mrs. Edith M. Stern's article, "Women Are Household Slaves," in the January MERCURY. In this issue we have room for only a small number of them. We may print more next month, perhaps with an over-all commentary upon them by Mrs. Stern. — THE EDITORS.

SIR: The article, "Women Are Household Slaves," by Edith M. Stern, in the January MERCURY, brings to my mind the essay by Ralph Waldo Emerson on "The American Scholar." Emerson cited the old oracle who said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one."

There you have free will. If a woman thinks she is a household slave, she is one. If she thinks she is a servant of the good, she is one. What is the good but God and the Right Handle? If she must stay at home, let her adjust herself and . . . think as behooves a woman of the twentieth century. Does not the modern world with its wonderful mechanical servants provide the housewife opportunity for greater freedom of thought? . . .

EDNA B. GIBSON

Eastbound, Wash.

SIR: I have read a great many articles by Edith M. Stern, and have always thought they were extremely interesting, but "Women Are Household Slaves" was the most

foolish little thing I ever read in my life. I happen to know that Mrs. Stern is happily married. Perhaps she is unaware of the point of view of the millions of old maids and widows and divorcees who have to live in one room in a hotel, and don't have a stroke of work to do. Brother, that's worse than bringing up ten children and doing the family wash. The housewives work, yes, but they are loved for it. . . .

Personally, I think that any woman who has a husband who loves and respects her is damned fortunate, and if she objects to washing the dishes I think she should have her head examined. And as for domestic work dulling the mind — heavens, you can make up sonnets while you make the beds. . . .

ESTELLE HAGEDORN

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Edith M. Stern has convinced me that housewives are slaves, that a Lincoln should emancipate them. However, Mrs. Stern offers no practical solution.

Does Mrs. Stern expect the husband to darn his own socks, the big sister to cook her own supper, the baby to change his own diapers?

I have a solution.

The crux of the problem is children. Without children, most of the chores in the house become non-existent. Without children, the wife can work, can indulge in the luxurious lunch hour, can enjoy the sight of the other faces across the work table. Without children,

the wife can enter Man's World. She is free — free to play in a Budapest String Quartet or become a chairman of a board.

Abolish children. That is the solution. Emancipate the embryo.

It may take a long time to get used to the idea, but in some seventy years all the problems of housewifery will have been solved.

MORTON FELDMAN

New York City

SIR: . . . The housewife is not only her own boss, but also her husband's. Where this is not the case she is feeble-minded and deserves your sympathy. She carries his meals to him and picks up his clothes for a very definite purpose, and it is not because she loves him or is his slave.

She does it because she is well paid — and even at the moment looking for a better paymaster. Witness the divorce rate. . . . Read the last chapter of Proverbs, and note that it says most women lack all the virtues of a good wife, not just one or two of them. . . .

PAUL MCGUIRE

Fairfax, Okla.

SIR: . . . Now take my case. I am a teacher. Certainly, life with my family and myself is, from a financial standpoint, a struggle. It is for almost everybody, so far as I can see. What of it? Seems to me it's . . . a matter of cooperation in meeting the situation so that the so-called "struggle" will be tempered. In our family we aren't too unhappy just because, at times, we have to help the chief "struggler" in the family with the dishes, vacuum the living-room rug for her, and on occasion get the meals and make the beds. It isn't so much a labor of love as of necessity, in order that the good old home machine shall continue to function. A reasonable amount of intra-family cooperation helps a lot. Maybe struggling Mrs. Stern has not yet educated her family to the point of pitching in once in a while and helping her. . . .

CHARLES H. SAMPSON

Auburn, Me.

SIR: Edith M. Stern's squawk about the slavery of women in the home is fortunately out of date. She obviously belongs to my generation, which adhered strictly to the liberal arts in the women's colleges. At present, however, even the most conservative of the latter offer courses in nursing and household management.

Housework isn't either as monotonous or as hard as an office or factory job. And there is a certain therapeutic value in a housewife's daily duties. Perhaps fewer businessmen would have ulcers if they tried scrubbing a floor occasionally. . . .

CHARLOTTE TOBIE

Old Greenwich, Conn.

SIR: . . . The tendency on the part of many business, professional and so-called career women to speak disparagingly of house work is, in my opinion, one of the many indications of the decadence of our civilization.

GEO. H. TURNER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

CORRECTION

SIR: I hasten to anticipate the correction of some observant reader.

In "The Skeptics' Corner" for January 1949 it is said that "a thermometer in the sunshine records the temperature at which the air is losing heat as fast as it is receiving it." My carbon copy reads: "a thermometer in the sunshine records the temperature at which it is losing heat as fast as it is receiving it." And this is correct. It is the thermometer which is losing the heat as fast as it is receiving it, not the air. How the change came to be made I cannot say; I may have messed it up in the proofs. Every writer of English is engaged in an endless and losing struggle against the ambiguity of our pronouns.

I wish particularly to make the correction because as the item now stands the error is attributed to Mr. A. S. E. Ackermann, whose *Popular Fallacies Explained and Corrected* is quoted as the source. It is very hard that Mr. Ackermann (whose learned and

genial book ought to be republished) should be thus pilfered *and* maligned.

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

CHURCH AND STATE IN RUSSIA

SIR: I am gratified to see that you have noted my book, *Separate Church and State Now*, in your excellent "Check List." [See the January *MERCURY*.] I acknowledge with thanks your statement, "Most *MERCURY* readers will probably allow that Dr. Dawson, a prominent Baptist spokesman, is on the side of the angels in this defense of the traditional liberal position on the separation of church and State." . . .

I am at a loss, however, to understand how your reviewer could say that the book "denies that Soviet Russia is totalitarian." On page 148 I say, "The Russians admit their preliminary State Socialism, which is intended to prepare the way for the final ideal Communistic society, is totalitarian, but insist it is so only in the nature of 'planning.' Meanwhile, however, that planning which we behold in Russia is about as complete totalitarianism as could well be imagined." Indeed, the very title of the chapter, "The Dread Power of the Totalitarian State," which cites Russia as the lone conspicuous example of such, is in itself a contradiction of the reviewer's statement.

As for the book saying that "freedom of religion is on the increase in that country" (to quote again from your review), I merely cite such writers as Victor Kravchenko and the delegation of ministers visiting in Russia, including Ralph W. Sockman, Methodist; Louis D. Newton, Baptist, as to changing attitudes in respect to religious freedom. . . . Then on page 156 the book says: "The reader will interpret for himself the above somewhat conflicting statements from reputable witnesses. The evidence does not always coincide. Surely we are justified, however, in concluding that to whatever extent freedom of worship is tolerated in Russia, full religious liberty is not accorded. Indeed,

it is difficult to see how Russia, as based on the Marxian philosophy, can ever be expected to grant full religious liberty, unless there should be something in the nature of a fourth revolution within a single lifetime, or else in the event that Russia should be brought into hearty cooperation with the aims of the United Nations in a sublime realization of one world." . . .

J. M. DAWSON

Washington, D. C.

[By way of reply, our reviewer has the following comments to offer: It is quite true that Dr. Dawson's book does not deny the existence of totalitarianism in the USSR, and for having his position on this matter misrepresented Dr. Dawson deserves an apology. What I should have said is that he appears to take Soviet statements about the future of Russian society at their face value, and that he believes the present restrictions on liberty to be only a passing phase. . . . As for the other point, I do not see how anyone could read that section of the book dealing with the future of religious freedom in Russia without concluding that Dr. Dawson believes it to be on the increase. He quotes at length from four writers who believe the Soviet government is liberalizing its attitude toward the churches, and he does not cite anyone who believes that religious freedom will continue to be stifled — though a good majority of the experts believe just that.]

MORE ABOUT BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

SIR: As a member of the Board of Trustees of the Bob Jones University, and also as a Christian who believes that the highest academic standards and culture can go hand in hand with a fundamental Christian testimony, I feel impelled to register my protest against the article which appeared in the December issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, written by Mr. William Hines under the title, "The Fresh-Water Colleges," which article so definitely misrepresented the Bob Jones University. As one occupying a re-

sponsible public position, and possessing intimate first-hand knowledge of the institution in question, I venture the assertion that Bob Jones University occupies a unique position among educational institutions due to the emphasis which it places upon culture and the fact that it draws its students in such large numbers from great distances.

These young people are attracted to the school because of its clear-cut fundamental Christian position and its high academic and cultural standards, a combination all too rare in this present generation. . . .

ERNEST MANNING
Premier of Alberta

Edmonton, Alberta

SIR: I picked up a copy of the MERCURY the latter part of December, and since have been wondering: is "The Fresh-Water Colleges" a sample of the kind of reporting the MERCURY does? I've held your magazine in high regard, but if other material contains such inaccurate information and is as highly colored as this article, it's something of a reflection on the American press and the standards most reputable journalists are plugging for.

Perhaps you feel all MERCURY readers are from such top-flight schools as NYU, Columbia or Chicago University. Maybe the majority are, but here and there you're likely to find a few "high-minded men who stand without apology for the old-time religion and absolute authority of the Bible."

Seriously, don't you feel Mr. Hines was just a bit off base when he stated that "Jones developed a curriculum designed to transform slew-footed young mountain morons . . . into evangelists of that boisterous breed so greatly appreciated in the darker portions of the South"? I myself hail from the mountains, am perhaps a bit more slewfooted than Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice — UNC's All-American from my home town — but haven't yet flunked out here in the Windy City.

As to the school's catering to mountaineers, I'm not so sure about that: Michigan

topped the list while I was at BJC; I had roommates over several semesters from Michigan (3), Pennsylvania and Mississippi. Fact is, I heard of an Ozarkian who showed up a year ago and was quite out of place. But even so, the girl was given the same attention as if she'd come from Long Island.

Bob Jones U. isn't such a terrible place, after all; like any school, it undoubtedly has its shortcomings. But hundreds — like me — have received something (or are receiving something) that the "name" schools can't give: if you learn to live, you've got life half-licked. And that's tossed in "extra." . . .

So, best wishes to you for an even better MERCURY during the coming year.

JAMES R. ADAIR
Editor of Power

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Although I have read spasmodically issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for several years, your December 1948 issue has excited my interest more than has any other copy, particularly because of the article on "The Fresh-Water Colleges."

In writing you it is not my intent to engage in a controversy or to exercise any emotional feeling, but rather to raise several points concerning reason and judgment as they relate to the writing done by Mr. Hines. This is done, not alone as a member of the Board of Directors of Bob Jones University, but also as a Tennessean.

Mr. Hines writes in an interesting and readable manner, and it is hoped that his talents for composition can be extended and strengthened. There are, of course, kinds of reporting, not all similar, depending on the objective of the writer and upon the policy of the publisher, among other things. For this reason, several questions are raised.

By what process or procedure were the "facts" as presented by Mr. Hines gained?

Has he visited, attended or studied Bob Jones University?

Was the information, as outlined, gathered by a poll of students of the University?

By what standardized testing program did

FREIGHTERS

■ The bigger 1949 edition of **"Travel Routes Around the World"**, the directory of passenger-carrying freighters, is now ready. Hundreds of lower-priced trips, from most U. S. & Canadian ports, to West Indies, Europe, etc. Exotic itineraries; from overnight to many months.

One dollar brings you this jam-packed edition, plus these priceless reports:

1. "HARIAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE—1949." Traveling in Europe today, and as nearly on a shoestring as possible.

2. "HARIAN'S AMERICAN TRAVEL GUIDE—1949." What to see & do in U. S., Canada,—Mexico; how to get there, plus many \$100 itineraries that can open up new vistas of America to you: New England on \$100, Southern Calif. on \$100, the Deep South on \$100, etc.

Tear out ad, print name & address on sheet of paper & mail with \$1 bill to Harian Publications, 180 Blvd., Greenlawn, Long Island, N. Y.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK

FEBRUARY 20-27, 1949



"Ugh!... foreigners!"

Mr. Hines arrive at the conclusion that "hill-billies" are "slew-footed mountain morons"? (This, perhaps, exemplifies the "ideas of bigness" which Mr. Hines would like every college to promote.)

Is the article's premise that little or no contribution by the University has been made to the enrichment of the lives of people, at least those who attended?

Is it true that but one type of college is advisable in America?

Many other questions might be raised but, perhaps, these, if answered, will tend to indicate whether the "data" presented by Mr. Hines are the result of study, research and analysis or of just cursory intellectual "skimming." . . .

BURGIN E. DOSSETT

Commissioner of Education

Nashville, Tenn.

SIR: In the course of two months I have received something over a dozen letters of complaint from such personalities as the Premier of Alberta, the editor of the magazine *Power*, the president of Bob Jones University, its founder, and the above correspondent, Tennessee's Commissioner of Education. With a single exception, all are clearly identifiable with the university under discussion. . . .

But of all the letters, Mr. Dossett's is the one most readily susceptible to reply. He at least lists his questions in a form in which they can be answered, and he proceeds in a relatively unemotional fashion to lower the boom on me.

To preface my replies to his six questions, I should point out that fewer than 400 words in the original article are involved in the present discussion. Something over half this brief passage has to do with the beginnings of the school and does not necessarily apply to the university as it is constituted today.

In applying my remarks apropos the *Cleveland Bob Jones College* without qualification to the *Greenville Bob Jones University*, my correspondents take many of them out of context. Let us take Mr. Dossett's questions in order.

(1 & 2) I never attended Bob Jones, but

have visited it on numerous occasions in the past.

(3) The information embodied in the 400-word passage was not of the type which would be gathered by a polling of students. I fail to see where, in that portion dealing with the present-day school, I made any remark which would be derogatory of the students *according to the announced mores of the University itself*. Shortly after the article appeared an acquaintance told me I was wrong about BJU students being high-minded and moral, and went on to relate an incident involving several drunken BJU men on a train from Chicago to Chattanooga. I do not believe this story.

(4) Does such a figure as the Commissioner of Education of Tennessee mean to imply that one requires a Stanford-Binet or Army Alpha testing kit to arrive at a conclusion about the mental level of backwoods Tennessee? Has he ever ventured east of U.S. 411? Has he ever penetrated Walden's Ridge behind the Signal Mountain colony or spent a day in Grundy County?

(5) The article's premise — or that of the third section of the article, at any rate — is that there are two types of fresh-water colleges. I do not deny that BJU students have had their lives enriched as compared to what their lives would have been had they never gone to college. In a way, I suppose, going to some other college and getting into a Communist Party cell might be termed an enrichment. Certainly it would be an experience.

(6) The final question indicates how wide of the target Mr. Dossett has hit. Let him read again the whole of what one BJU undergraduate correspondent termed my "repulsive article." Nowhere do I pass on to readers of the *MERCURY* the idea that fresh-water colleges of the Guilford type are the only sort we should have in this country. If we had only undergraduate schools of Protestant sponsorship where would we get our doctors, our lawyers, our priests, our rabbis? Does the question perhaps reflect an idea that Mr. Dossett, as a trustee of Bob Jones University, has in his own mind?

WILLIAM HINES

Arlington, Va.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR

**FIRST EDITIONS • RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS • LITERARY SERVICES**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information, 31-35 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

BOOK MSS. WANTED

Complete publishing services, including editorial, production and distribution facilities for books and pamphlets.

Write Dept. 45, for free literature

THE Exposition PRESS

One Spruce Street • New York 7, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

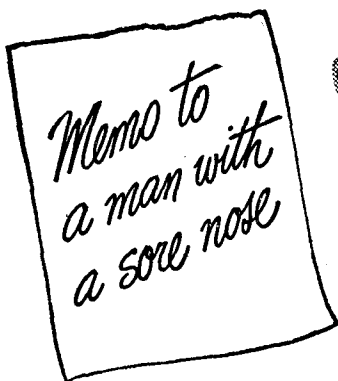
Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 50¢. American Numismatic Association, P.O. Box 577, Wichita, Kansas.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

LANGUAGE COURSES... learn by listening... brand new CORTINA ACADEMY COURSES at bargain prices. One French Course, \$30. Send order and remittance to Box 3-49, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Congratulations, sir! Your bandaged beak is a badge of honor!

It's a sure sign that you have been keeping your nose to the grindstone—working your hardest to keep your family living the way you want them to live.

But someday you'll want to retire, to follow the hobbies and take the trips and do the things that you've always dreamed of doing.

That's going to take just one thing—MONEY! And will you have it when you want it?

You will if you're buying U. S. Savings Bonds *automatically*—on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or on the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

It's just about the easiest, surest, fastest way of building financial security that anyone ever dreamed up. And every \$75 Bond you buy today will be worth \$100 in just 10 years.

So start saving automatically now! You'll be well on your way to a permanent separation of nose and grindstone!

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING —U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

A GREAT MAGAZINE OF OPINION

Invites you to enjoy this

OUTSTANDING ANTHOLOGY

WITHOUT CHARGE

This remarkable 208-page volume, THE AMERICAN MERCURY READER, is yours with our compliments. In it are some of the finest pieces that have appeared in THE MERCURY, culled from two decades of exciting and distinguished publishing. Read and re-read articles, stories, plays and poetry that thrilled America when first published... and have grown more absorbing with the passage of years.

Here you'll find Sinclair Lewis's glittering satire, *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*... *Hatrack*, Herbert Asbury's "salacious" piece that created a storm of controversy... Eugene O'Neill's deeply moving play, *All God's Chillun Got Wings*... Mencken's blistering obituary of William Jennings Bryan... Thomas Wolfe's self-revealing *Anatomy of Loneliness*... *The Law Takes Its Toll*, dramatic dialogue of imminent execution written a week before its author went to the chair. You'll read these and many other equally memorable pieces in this great collection that is yours FREE with a 1-year subscription (new or renewal) to America's leading magazine of opinion—THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY of today measures up to its scintillating past. Now, as then, it "calls 'em as it sees 'em"... and it sees 'em with a prescient clarity few other publications can approach. It was THE MERCURY, for instance, that revealed the shameful religious-quota systems that rule admission to our colleges months before investigating committees reported the facts. It was THE MERCURY that was calling the U.S.S.R. the totalitarian menace it is during long months when appeasement was so popular even in high official circles. It is THE MERCURY that time after time tackles subjects other magazines consider "too hot to handle"—and it is MERCURY readers, therefore, who are among the best informed people in America.

The card below will bring you the next 12 big, important issues of THE MERCURY for only \$4 plus your free copy of THE AMERICAN MERCURY READER—a rare bargain indeed. Be sure to mail the card today.

If you are already a subscriber, use this card to renew or extend your subscription.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Please send me at once my free copy of THE AMERICAN MERCURY READER, containing outstanding articles, fiction and poetry that appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY over a 20-year period. Also enter my subscription to THE MERCURY beginning with the next issue, at the rate checked below:

☐ 1 Year — \$4

☐ 2 Years — \$7

☐ 3 Years \$10

☐ Please send me bill.

☐ I enclose check.*

NAME _____ ☐ New Subscription
☐ Renewal or Extension

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

*EXTRA ISSUE FREE. If you send payment now, thus saving us bookkeeping, we will extend your subscription for an extra month without charge.

AM 3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLIP AND
MAIL THIS
CARD NOW

SEND

NO MONEY

NO POSTAGE

NEEDED

FREE

with a new or renewal subscription
to *The American Mercury* . . .



Over 200
pages —
pocket size —
attractively
paper bound

THE *American Mercury* READER

An anthology of many of the most
distinguished, exciting and enduring
pieces published in *The Mercury* over
20 brilliant years.

WOLFE



SAROYAN



O'NEILL



MENCKEN



CAIN

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

4¢ POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY—

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

570 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT 1050
Sec. 510, P. L. & R.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

LEWIS

SEE
INSIDE COVER
FOR DETAILS